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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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Pro-Slavery.

THE ENGLISH ANNIVERSARIES.

Correspondence of the New York Observer.

LONDON, May.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In the commercial world, stocks of various kinds rise and fall, and men speculate on their fluctuations, and fortunes are made and lost. Now, if we may speak of the philanthropic world, as we do of the commercial, I would say that, in London, the last month, the Anti-Slavery stock has been in great demand. In nearly all the meetings at Exeter Hall, no matter for what purpose —and in the various philanthropic gatherings in other places—the orators have relieved themselves of an unusual quantity of hortatory matter pertaining to American Slavery. That subject has been the staple material on which Exeter Hall orators have traded during the Anniversaries which are drawing to a close. It has furnished capital for orators of every grade and every sect. The "awful crime" of American Slavery—"its inherent wickedness"—"its evil *per se*"—and the "duty of immediate and unconditional emancipation" have been harped upon with unusual earnestness, and perhaps unusual virulence. On this subject the English are demented. They seem to think that it is as easy to root out Slavery in the United States as it was for Parliament to abolish it in the West India Islands. They call upon the Americans to wipe away from their institutions this grievous calamity. They will hear of scarcely any delay. They do not believe even in gradual emancipation. The evil must be got rid of forthwith, or the American can scarcely claim any charity or indulgence. It is true they point out no practical manner by which this evil can be remedied, and can point out no way; still they are not content. The slightest palliation of the evil or any enumeration of the difficulties of removing it are regarded as signs of guilty lukewarmness, or of concealed hostility to the cause of reform. They will listen to no reason. They are unmoved by any arguments. They shut their eyes and ears to any statements of a moderate kind. Nothing but downright, fanatical, unreasoning, blind, stupid, insane, unmitigated vituperation—and all the more absurd because it is impotent—will satisfy the people at present.

Editors, clergymen, and pamphleteers seem to vie with each other in the violence of their clamour. One could almost fancy that the Americans were the greatest sinners the world ever witnessed, and the English the greatest saints, if we were to be affected by the philanthropic bray. I suppose the appearance of Mrs. Stowe has excited it, to say nothing of the books she has written. The Dissenters, among whom she has been chiefly thrown, hail her as little else than a deity. "She is not a novelist," says Mr. Binney, "she is a prophetess." Great audiences rise in respectful homage when she appears at a public meeting, even as they rise at the approach of the Queen—and they fill the halls with deafening shouts of welcome. Such a glorification no prophetess ever received in that olden time when there were prophetesses. Mr. James, one of the most respectable ministers in England, speaks of her as having pierced the system of Slavery to the heart, and "die it must, under the potency of that book."

But I do not wish to speak of her, or her book, or the impression she makes, or of the good or evil she will do. She and her works are in far abler hands. One of your brother editors is here, and will communicate what I can't. I only throw out a few impressions, and these may not be worth much.

Respecting Professor Stowe himself, I must be allowed to say that his course here has done him and his country great honour. He has had the courage to stand up, in the midst of British prejudices, and defend moderate measures. He has done more, he has dared to rebuke the Phariseeism of this country. He showed, in a noble speech at Exeter Hall, that England herself sustained, more than any country in the world, the institution of Slavery by the use of slave labour—a most unpalatable truth, which has brought out the English press against him, in spite of all the honour rendered to his wife. He was put forth as a great gun on the platform of the philanthropists, to join in the hue and cry against his country, and he has turned against the English, and has accused *them*, while he has not exonerated the Americans. And in all his speeches in this country he has hinted or expressed in plain terms that Manchester prosperity is the great mainspring of American Slavery—that the cotton lords of England are really patrons of Southern plantations.

The *Times* newspaper, which, to its credit, has not fallen into the fanatical extravagance of the day, pronounces his speech unpractical, while the *Advertiser* calls it an insult to the head and heart of the country, an outrage on Christianity itself, and especially unpardonable in a man placed in Professor Stowe's circumstances. Of course *he* has lost cast among the fanatics, and would be thrown overboard if he were not the husband of "the greatest genius of modern times," as well as "the inspired prophetess" whom Providence has raised up to break the rod of the oppressor, and to let the oppressed go free. I think his manly course, amidst all the excitements of the present day, and his generous efforts to present the difficulties of this great subject, as worthy of all praise. But he is not thought to be half such a good speaker as a Mr. Ward—a coloured preacher in Canada. So much for the glory of Exeter Hall.

As I suppose some of your other correspondents have written you about the anniversary meetings, I will not dwell upon them. Indeed I confess I did not attend but two of them—the Bible Society, and the British and Foreign Schools, those which have for their object the circulation of the Scriptures, and popular education in the British Isles. These two certainly have definite objects to accomplish, and are of uncontrovertible utility. As for the Anti-Slavery Society, in a country which has no Slavery, and never will have, unless it be white Slavery, I can see no manner of use, and very much harm. It is intended to bully the Americans into immediate abolition, and by abuse and invective. It is the vehicle to convey all the spleen, disgust, or enmity which may, from time to time, be accumulating among morbid and ill informed people. I think the speech of Mr. Brown, a dissenting minister, in reference to Slavery, in one of the meetings, is one of the most violent and uncalled for philippics that I ever read, which was not redeemed by talent. I am told that this gentleman is using his exertions to secure the opening of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham on a Sunday, as a means of securing a higher morality among the people. When ministers of the Gospel publicly let down the barriers of Christian conservatism, we cannot say much for their wisdom, at least. I am sorry to say that false liberality prevails among the younger portion of the dissenting ministers to a very alarming extent. And it is mournful to an American, born and nursed amid Puritanism, and with all his reverence for it, to see it so degenerate in the land which gave it birth, while the Church, with all its evils, is constantly improving in moderation, charity, and spirituality. Most of the violence, and ignorance, and narrow views, seen this year at the Anniversaries, emanate from the Dissenters.

I confess that the eloquence of Exeter Hall is wearisome to me, and far from edifying, although I admit one hears occasionally an admirable speech. I did intend to go to nearly all the meetings this year, because I had nothing in particular to do, and have long ago exhausted the sights. But I found that the same old standard orators, whom I have heard repeatedly, were to address the audiences, and I contented myself with reading the reports of their speeches in the religious papers, with no particular gratification. If one gets neither knowledge, nor stimulus to make attainments, by this anniversary literature, it is for him without much value. But there are those who think differently, and as I would not scandalise any body's opinions, I will not write at further length. As a matter of history, I believe, it may be said that the anniversaries this year were more interesting than usual, owing to the revival of the Anti-Slavery and Peace agitations. The Temperance agitation is yet to come, and when it does come, it will be an excitement indeed. There is infinite need of something philanthropic in that direction. The gin palaces and the beer-shops are more numerous than ever. And what is worse, the venders and manufacturers of spirits and beer adulterate these articles most shamefully. There is enough of unrevealed scoundrelism in the use of drugs in this country to have provoked the destruction of a hundred Sodoms. Imposition is actually monstrous. This country is getting to be a paradise of Jews. The evils of trade are worse, if possible, than the evils of intemperance. If the English Christians would direct their attention to the temperance question, they would engage in a useful work. But it is the infirmity of our nature to expend our philanthropic sentiments on what is unpractical, or at a distance. When an evil comes home to our own doors, we do not know what to do and are indifferent. The English fume about American Slavery, and the Americans distress themselves about English pauperism, and unfortunate needle-women. There is as much sense in the one solicitude as in the other. But then what would orators do at anniversaries, if they had not some theme to expend their energies upon, which their hearers know nothing about, and yet fancy they know a great deal? Human nature is pretty much the same on both sides of the Atlantic; and, as it is hardly wise to speak of what good there is in a way which some may misinterpret, I bring this letter to a close. L. J.

STOWEISM AND BLACKSWANISM.

LIKE all other excitements founded on an ism, this negro mania in England is fast sinking into the burlesque. Unlike our Yankee enthusiasim which led us, honestly, to make donkies and fools of ourselves over the genius of Dickens, our British neighbours when they do mount a hobby have the animal all their own, whatever idol, black or white, may be mounted on it for the moment. When America makes a fool of herself, it is always from a generous impulse, an honest insanity, ridiculous, and frequently absurd, but still with genuine feeling at the bottom. But when our respected mother mounts a hobby, it is sure to be the growth of an English prejudice, and so clumsily managed that the John-Bullism breaks out at every antic.

The negro excitment in England just now presents a dull aspect to our translantic vision; and first comes a layer of black, then of white, then of black again, stripping the whole into a laughable amalgamation.

First "that impudent nigger" Fred Douglass, as our honoured friend Noah used to call him, went abroad to lionise among the duchesses, countesses and smaller fry of the English nobility.

Fred was not mistaken in his aspirations. The choice quality of perfumes that he carried over in his own delectable person soon blended delightfully with the otto of rose in my lady's boudoir. No King Charles's puppy ever became a more decided pet among the female nobility than this ponderous negro. Ladies whose haughty condescension amounted scarcely to a bow, when the brighest and most gifted white men of our land appeared before them, grew meek and sentimental when Fred appeared.

These haughty dames not only received him in their mansions and sat with him at the same table, but appeared with him side by side in the public drives, contrasting their snowy benevolence with the soot of his countenance, while white Englishmen *in livery* stood meekly behind the carriages that bore this precious load, edified by the dusky lesson of British equality and promoted, doubtless, by the atmosphere which made the bouquets quite superfluous.

Among these high-born women, we are told, was Lady Byron—she, after driving the greatest poet of this century mad with her iron heartedness, subsided into a flood of gentle sympathies at the appearance of our Fred, and paraded London in an open carriage, with this negro side by side, on its silken cushions.

Lady Byron must be fond of contrasts. She who drove the handsomest man and the greatest genius of England from her side to make room for a characterless negro. But if the august widow falls into a caprice for a commemoration of her goodness in charcoal sketches in her old age, who shall say it is not the purest benevolence. She gave charity balls in her youth which her excited Lord deemed about as charitable as we think her appearance with the negro. But it is not the first time that such philanthropy has found root on a desolate hearth-stone.

Next comes Harriet Beecher Stowe, with her highly coloured novel in one hand, and a subscription plate in the other, and directly Fred's empty saddle was assigned her by acclamation. Then the British hobby grew frenzied under its new burden and its antics became funny beyond anything. Mrs. Stowe gratefully fell into all the vacated honours of Fred Douglass—and a few rather extraordinary ones that were invented for her especially. Stafford house was placed at her disposal for *one morning*. She was invited to take this brief possession—mark the subtle distinction—not as a lady and a guest who is to receive the domestic hospitality of equal to equal—but as the lioness of an hour—as the high-born of England receive the Tom Thumbs and actresses whom propinquity never makes nearer to august persons. Thus it is that Harriet Beecher Stowe is received at Stafford House—not as a guest —not in homage to the talent that she possesses, but as any actress or singer is received, in a crowd and for the crowd.

To prove this, scarcely are the halls of Stafford House clear from the rich mockery of her advent, when the Black Swan takes her place and is followed and patronized after a like fashion. Directly the white lioness finds herself sandwiched between the two blacks—and the ebony swan ruffles her plumage in Stafford House proudly as her white predecessor. Lords and Dukes, Duchesses and Countesses, with a host of smaller gold fish, crowd around the ebony songstress, and the author of Uncle Tom finds herself lost in the shadows which the negro swan casts from her raven plumes. Mrs. Stowe sinks into the background. England has found a new rider for her hobby, and once more her shouts ring across the Atlantic, and we answer back—Merry England —Glorious old England! vive la humbug!

To be serious, what does all this outbreak of enthusiasm mean. Is it honest? is it real—is a new fountain of milk and honey welling up for our behoof, in the bosom of our hoary headed mother? Why have we so suddenly become a subject of maternal interest to England? Is it because a novel has been written in the world, awaking sentimentality of a class whose benevolence springs from novels and ends there? Or is it a deeper or more hidden feeling—one which England will not express even to herself? is it that secret motive, that festering dislike which our respected mother must feel for the nation that has flung off her authority and has become not only independent, but her rival—the only one of which she has genuine cause of jealousy? Is there no unforgiveness for the people who refused to be *her* slaves, mingled with this solicitude, sudden as unnatural, which manifests itself so noisily for ours? *Is* it benevolence—or is it malice, the cry of true feeling—or a jubilee over a pretext—though its foundation is in a fiction—by which a Republic can be held up to reprobation before the world.

Who, that knows anything of England, will believe that a deep hidden current of malice is not the well spring from which this torrent of benevolence takes its rise, or that, understanding this, our own half soothed animosity to the old country will not rise up to scoff at this mocking hypocrisy, this meek-mouthed intermeddling.

What sane man will be convinced that people who harness women, like donkies, to their coal dross deep in the bowels of the earth can, with this cruelty unredressed, seek abroad for objects of charitable interest.

Who, among us, that has year after year seen the starvation and misery flung off from the wronged bosom of old Ireland and brought with every wave of the Atlantic to our own shores, will believe that the tender-hearted mother country is weeping over our fat, laughing, frollicking negroes, who would not to-day, the worst used among them, exchange his plantation life with that of a Cotton spinner, a miner, or even a peasant of England, much less with the poor Irish peasant sitting breadless and homeless by the cabin some English agent has torn to the ground, after driving him and his children forth at the point of the bayonet. Does England, in earnest, talk about the separation of slave families—when her paupers, the moment they receive her sparse charity, are separated without mercy, children from parents, husbands from wives—and all that poverty, inevitable poverty may not be encouraged.

The philanthropist of England should remember that Americans sometimes visit their Union workhouses and witness the developments of home benevolence.

While women whose only crime is poverty are dressed in sackcloth uniform coarser than anything our convicts wear, and on that uniform is branded in great black letters the name of the pauper residence—the merciful badge which England affixes to the crime of want—it will be difficult to make us believe in the delicate sympathy which England expresses for our negroes. While these poor women, in a land where machinery has reached to so great perfection, are compelled to grind the corn which is to keep body and soul together, under a ponderous grinding wheel, crushing the grain with their united strength, and bending to the task like beasts of burden, with the sweat raining from their faces, and their eyes sharpened with continued want, till they seem like famished animals rather than human beings; while these miserable women are to be seen in Great Britain, thus branded like criminals and worked like beasts, no American can think of the sympathy expressed for our negroes without a thrill of generous indignation.

In the city of Liverpool we have ourselves seen women prowling along the streets and eagerly gathering horse manure in their ragged aprons, saving themselves by this degrading toil from the still deeper degradation of British charity.

So much for the scenes of poverty through which the aristocratic lords and ladies of England must wade before their philanthropy can gush pure and limpid as they would have us think it does, on our Southern Shores!

We doubt very much if these features of British philanthropy, with a hundred others which we have witnessed with our own eyes, could be placed before our Southern slaves—if, even in their ignorance, they would not beg to be saved from the interference of a nation whose Christian benevolence produces no better results at home.—*N. Y. Express.*

Selections.

POSITION AND POLICY OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

* * * PIERCE was elected, and proceeded to form a Cabinet, composed of six early friends of the Compromise and one Southern opponent. Col. Jefferson Davis had condemned Gen. Cass's Nicholson doctrine, even while supporting the author for President against his own father-in-law, Gen. Taylor; declaring that he could assent to no proposition which did not secure to the South a full, clear and indefeasible right to take slaves into all parts of the New Territories. On this ground he fought, as a U. S. Senator, the Compromise throughout, voting only for the Fugitive Slave Law, and resigning his seat to go home and stump Mississippi as anti-Compromise candidate for Governor. Beaten in the canvass by Gen. Foote, who was backed by one-fifth of the Democrats and nineteen-twentieths of the Whigs, Col. Davis remained thenceforth in private life until Gen. Pierce called him into his Cabinet, an unrepenting adversary of the Compromise. Gen. Dix was pressed for a place in that Cabinet on the part of the Free Soil Democracy of other days, but he was deemed ineligible and rejected, though recently a supporter of "the Adjustment." And it is now understood that the French Mission promised him by Gen. Pierce is to be withheld, although Soulé, Gadsden, Borland, Meade and other bitter Southern opponents of the Compromise have received Diplomatic appointments, and several more such have been inducted into the most lucrative Consulates. In no case does the fact that a politician has fought the Compromise on the side of Slavery appear to bar his promotion, but the contrary; nor is he required to repudiate nor repent of such hostility. But whenever a Barnburner of 1848 aspires to a place under the Federal Administration, he is required to renounce his Free Soil principles or prove that he never had any

Thus, *The Union*, defending the appointment of Barnburners by Gen. Pierce, charges Senator Bell with falsehood in assuming that they are *still* Free Soilers, saying:

"He assumes that Gen. Pierce has appointed 'Free Soilers' to public trusts, and he would make the impression that these appointees *are still Free Soilers. But the assumption is untrue.* The 'Free Soilers' of 1848 *renounced their Free Soilism in* 1852, when they adopted and came upon the Compromise platform. Mr. Bell knew this fact, and yet he had not the magnanimity to state it. He chose to make a false impression by stating only a part of the truth of the case, and by that means to obtain a party advantage. *The Democrats of Tennessee would promptly repudiate Gen. Pierce if he had brought 'Free Soilers,' with their Free Soil sentiments still clinging to them, into the public offices.* They now know that he has been guilty of no such act of bad faith."

But is there any corresponding requisition that a *Southern* anti-Compromiser shall renounce *his* 'State Rights' faith order to bring him within the range of promotion? Nothing like it! There is not a single leading Southern journal of the 'State Rights' school which professes to have repented of its opposition to the Compromise. On the contrary, the spirit in which they regard that legislation is very fairly exhibited in the following letter to a leading Virginia organ of the school, dated:

WASHINGTON, June 20, 1853.

Editor South Side Democrat:

The present state of things here is quite suggestive. The President seeks to reconcile extremes by favours, while *The Union*, his organ, is sedulously engaged in eulogizing the Compromise, *the abomination of both.* The organ shows very little tact in this, for while the President builds up, the organ pulls down. If the President approves this, then *he*, also, is building card-houses. Laud the Platform and let the Compromise alone, would be the true policy; one extreme at least would be pleased—the Southern; for the Platform is committed to the only feature in the Compromise for which the Southern ultras voted. He has acquiesced in, or submitted to, the objectional features, and he does not like to be continually reminded of it. Do you not feel somewhat degraded that your school is always spoken of as a *wing* of the party, and that, too, in connection with the other, or Free Soil wing? I had supposed that the State Rights division composed the body of the Democratic party South. The Compromise men themselves see now that they have given away a vast domain for nothing, and circumscribed themselves in such a way as to make their future fate inevitable. What is the difference now between a Southern Compromise man and an ultra? Both were defending the same garrison; one, in despair, was willing to capitulate—the other was for holding out until every man was put to the sword, believing that preferable to a slow death. The advice of the first prevailed, and the keys were delivered up. The gallant ultra, however, was not to be slighted, for he had the sympathies of his people. A reconciliation, or a show of it, was absolutely necessary; for there could be no general organ without it.

Thus, you see the Southern ultras, instead of regarding their hostility to the Compromise as something to be recanted, concealed or apologised for, avow it, glory in it, and regard themselves as the very salt of the Democracy, and in the South its substance. Accordingly, they have taken possession of the Democratic reorganization in most Southern States; have nominated candidates for Governor, &c. in Georgia and Mississippi; and, being backed by a seat in the Cabinet and armed with the great mass of the Federal patronage at the South, regard the Administration as their property, and bestow a few subordinate places on their Union or Compromise brethren as you might throw a bone to a beggar.

The attitude of the Federal Administration on all questions involving the extension and fortification of Slavery is unequivocal. Messrs. Soulé, Buchanan and Gadsden are sent to Madrid, London and Mexico respectively, with the clear understanding that they are to do their utmost, first, to effect a transfer of Cuba to this country as a new bulwark to Slavery; or, secondly, to resist and thwart all efforts looking to the Emancipation, immediate or otherwise, of the Half Million Africans held in cruel bondage in that island. The land of Washington and Jefferson has become the only Nation on the face of the earth that intermeddles with the policy of Foreign States expressly to perpetuate the slavery and degradation of man by man. The Editorial columns of the Administration organ are prostituted to eulogiums on the Russian Autocrat and arguments in favour of a lively sympathy between our Government and that of Russia, on the avowed ground of the freedom of the latter from "fanaticism" or any sort of prejudice against Slavery.

The following extract from *The Union's* stately and oracular leader of last Saturday, glorifying the new President's Foreign Policy, is a specimen of the perpetual assumption in that quarter, that the support and perpetuation of Slavery is regarded by the Executive as the chief end of our Federal existence:

"We have alluded lately to one of these questions, growing out of the rumoured policy of Great Britain in regard to Cuba, which stands out at this time with imposing prominence. If the public rumours which attribute to Great Britain a design, in connection with Spain, to *convert Cuba into a government of free blacks*, shall prove to be well-founded, *the high position taken by the Executive will be put to a severe trial,*" &c. &c.

To the same effect, a Washington letter-writer, high in the councils of 'the Democracy,' thus expatiates:

"The demonstrations in favour of Mrs. Uncle Tom, added to the rumours of British designs for the abolition of Slavery in Cuba, are already considered as an adequate justification of the proposition for our Government to *take the initiative in the war impending, by the immediate seizure of Cuba.*"

The attitude of the Federal Administration is emboldening the Southern ultras to proffer new and unheard of exactions. It is now distinctly proclaimed that NEBRASKA, a territory consecrated to freedom by the Missouri Compromise more than thirty years ago, must be surrendered to Slavery! Mr. Senator ATCHISON recently made a speech at Weston, on the western verge of Missouri, wherein he explained his resistance last winter to the recognition of Nebraska as a territory as follows:

"He had told Mr. Guthrie that, considering the circumstances under which he was sent to Washington, he would not be received as a Delegate; that treaties would have to be made with the Indians before any political organization of white men could be tolerated in that Territory; and that even then he (Mr. A.) would not consent to the organization of that Territory *unless all the citizens of Missouri, and of the Union, should have the privilege of settling there upon a basis of common equality.* He (Mr. A.) would not vote for the organization of that Territory if the Wilmot Proviso, or any other proviso of that character, should be engrafted upon it. He would vote for extinguishing the Indian title to that Territory, but *never to exclude any citizen of the United States from settling there.* Can any one say as much for Col. Benton?"

All which means—"No organization of Nebraska "or any similar territory until the North shall consent to surrender to Slavery what our fathers expressly consecrated to Freedom." Are we ready for this?

These novel exactions from the South are of course paralleled by corresponding abasements at the North. Thus a nameless oracle of faction in this City, supported by contributions levied on office-seekers, and nominally edited by a noisy Free Soiler in 1848, thus blazens its own recreancy and infamy in a leader entitled

"THE ADMINISTRATION PARTY IN NEW YORK.

"The whole American press, Whig and Democratic, East, West, North and South, is quite universally engaged in discussing the politics of this State What is to be the future action of that faction which has figured somewhat extensively under the general cognomen of Barnburner? Will it stand by the Compromise, or the Fugitive Slave Law? More territory appears to be inevitably approaching the orbit of our Union; soil which will, probably, for some time, be governed as *territory* and not as *States. Will the Barnburner faction* NOW *consent that the South shall have an equal participation in the benefits of territorial acquisitions?* Or will they cry out again, 'No more slave territory!' and seek, through popular and Congressional *agitation*, to shut out the South from whatever new fields may be acquired? Are we to live in perpetual dread that the fires of fanaticism are not quenched, but only smouldering beneath the hypocritical surface of what a distinguished leader of the faction denominates '*acquiescense?*'

"*To fail on any of these points will be an act of rebellion against the present Administration; and it will, we are confident, be so regarded by the Executive.*"

Here it is distinctly laid down that resistance to the extension of Slavery into any Free Territory which may *hereafter* be acquired by our Government is to be regarded and treated as treachery to the Platform and hostility to the National Administration! And this fulmination, contemptible as is its source, derives importance from the course of affairs at Washington and throughout the South. To resist the establishment of Slavery, under whatever circumstances, is held in powerful quarters to be a factious plotting against the National Democracy and its Executive.

How far shall this be allowed to proceed without encountering resistance? Has the spirit of devotion to Liberty died out of the Free States? Or will the time never come when its dictates may be prudently and properly obeyed? Why should not our State Legislature, while acquiescing in whatever has been wisely done in the past, distinctly indicate the boundaries of such action, and re-affirm that hostility to Slavery Extension which has ever been a cardinal principle of New York? Is it not high time to protest against the intermeddling of our Federal Government in the affairs of Foreign States for the perpetuation of Human Bondage therein? How long shall our silence arm and embolden the deadly adversaries of the principles of '76 and of the inalienable Rights of Man?—*New York Tribune.*

ELECTION OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS TO THE PRESIDENCY.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

The struggle for the vacant Presidential chair shook the Union; it kindled strife and gave birth to parties which are not extinct among us; with these it is not my province nor my purpose to meddle, but it was my lot to see the issue of the contest, when it came to its head and was decided, blow by blow, on the high places of the field. The hall of the House of Representatives exhibited, on that eventful day, such a spectacle as never had been witnessed in this country, such as the world never saw. There being three candidates for the Presidency, and neither of them having received the constitutional majority giving him a title to the office, that crisis had arrived which, in all other countries, has been decided by the sword; but which, having been contemplated as possible by that band of men (inspired they surely were with a wisdom not their own) who framed our happy Government, had been provided for by the peaceful expedient of taking the choice out of the immediate hands of the people, and committing it to their own representatives, acting not as one amalgamated body, but in their separate capacity, as the delegation of the respective States, each united delegation casting one vote.

As the day appointed for the election approached, the excitement of the public mind became intense. Washington was crowded. Nightly caucuses, and the most anxious calculations, occupied the leading men of each of the three parties. So evenly were they balanced, that after the most exact scrutiny had been gone through with, after the probable vote of each individual man had been set down with as much care as if the whole result depended on his individual suffrage, it was concluded that the result would very possibly turn on a single vote; and when the morning of the decision had actually come, it was generally understood that that vote was in the hands of a wealthy, upright, and amiable, but not very firm or vigorous, member of the New York Delegation. He had given his promise to vote for Mr. Adams, but the eager, agitating, anxious question was whether he would remain firm to that pledge or not.

The Hall was prepared for the process of the election by placing seats for the respective State delegations, each having a separate table, in the semi-circular space in front of the Clerk's table. Before taking their seats there, they were to be seen walking about in little bands, or seated in groups, earnestly conversing in a low tone, every mind being occupied in the result of the election. Each party was sanguine of success. Bets were staked on a large amount. The most confident predictions were uttered; and by some of the excited and unscrupulous partisans without, most ferocious threats were uttered. A second Missouri contest was expected. None counted on less than forty ballotings; some said the election would occupy weeks, perhaps months, while others said that no choice would be made, but that Congress would break up in a *row*.

To a patriotic mind it seemed as if all the evil powers who sought the ruin of free Government had gathered together at Washington, and were hurling through the troubled air. Many persons carried concealed weapons, as expecting some violent outbreak. The bar-rooms of hotels and eating-houses were crowded with guests, whose aspect boded no good to the country, or the peaceful progress of the Government. Many a heart that loved American regulated freedom trembled in view of the untried experiment, now for the first time to be attempted. Amid such auguries the day of election came. Every avenue leading to the Capitol was filled with people, all whose faces looked in one direction, and were filled with one common expression of grave and interested curiosity. Into the galleries which surround and overlook the hall of Representatives not an additional human being could by any possibility be forced, and the staircases, quite out of sight and hearing of what was passing within, were crammed with watching multitudes, hoping against hope, to gain, by some good chance, or by dint of patience and of physical strength, a glimpse at least of the exciting scene.

It had been proposed, in debate, on the day previous, that, during the election, the galleries of the hall should be closed, as they could at best accommodate but a handful of those who were anxious to witness the scene; but Mr. McDuffie (then a prominent member of the House) warmly denied the right of Congress to exclude people from witnessing, if they so pleased, the acts of their own representatives, in a matter, especially, so vitally affecting them all. And when it was suggested that the admission of so great and excited a crowd would inevitably be productive of disorder, he sprang up, and, in tones which reached through the hall and galleries, pledged himself for "the orderly deportment of the people while looking on such a scene." His appeal was too popular to be successfully resisted, and the doors were thrown open accordingly.

It was an imposing spectacle. The circular lobby outside the bar (and into which none are admitted but privileged persons whose right is specified by law), as well as the *logia*, or open area behind the columns of the rear of the Speaker's seat, were filled with members of the Senate, Ex-Governors of States, military and naval officers (those only, however, who had received votes of thanks by Congress for meritorious service), foreign ministers and their attachés, Judges of the Supreme Court—in a word, with all whose envied distinction it was to pass the vigilant scrutiny of the door-keepers, now doubly vigilant, and all upon the *qui vive*. A restless movement of the members within the bar, and a general murmur like the alarmed hum of bees when their hives are disturbed, gave token of the state of feverish anxiety which prevailed throughout the body. Could any revealing spirit have opened to human view the hopes, the fears, the boiling passions, which tumultuated within those fierce bosoms, how would the painful interest of the scene have been yet further heightened in intensity?

At length the Speaker's hammer fell. A dead silence instantly prevailed, and the respective delegations assembled and took their seats around the table prepared for them.

It was my privilege, from an elevated position on the right of the Chair, to enjoy a full view of all the groups, and I have preserved a rude and hasty sketch which I caught of their positions while the first ballot was proceeding. Each delegation appointed one of their number to act as Chairman, collect their votes, and report the result. The delegations voted by pluralities. Whoever, in each, received the most votes, was reported as the choice of that delegation. There were twenty-four of the groups; and when the votes had been gathered in each, they were called upon to report, which they did in succession, *viva voce*, commencing with Maine. The silence was like that of a sepulchre. Men's breath was suspended as State after State uttered its voice; and oh! can I ever forget the moment when the Speaker, standing up in his place, declared in a clear, sonorous voice, that seemed to pierce through bone and marrow, that "JOHN QUINCY ADAMS," having received a majority of the votes cast, was duly elected President of the United States for four years from the 4th of March next ensuing.

Then arose such a shout from the galleries as seemed to lift the very dome of the hall. Mr. McDuffie (whose candidate had been defeated, whose eager hopes were blasted, and whose personal pledge for the good order of the assembly was remembered by all) sprang, in much excitement, from the ground, and, in a voice that rang above all the tumultuous plaudits of the spectators, cried, "Mr. Speaker! I move that the gallery be cleared!" The question was put and carried. "Yes," said a foreign Minister to another who stood by his side, "but how are you going to do it?" A natural question enough for a European, ignorant of the country and the people. Here were no guards; no gen d'armes; not even a constable; how was the order to be executed?

He soon saw, and while he gazed, seemed penetrated with speechless wonder. No sooner had the Speaker given the order, "The Sergeant-at-Arms will clear the galleries," than an active, slender young man, of graceful form, and with a brilliant black eye, darted from his place, and, mounting (I did not see how) the broad stone cornice which runs all round the hall in front of, and below the breast-work of the galleries, motioned with his arm to the dark, dense, and almost suffocated mass of human beings before him, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, the Speaker orders the galleries to be cleared; you must retire—clear the galleries." And at his word, like a flock of quiet, passive sheep, when the gate of their pen is thrown open, out went the entire crowd, without a word of complaint or remonstrance, and in an incredibly short time not a soul was left behind.

ALL OVER!—Gen. Paul Quattlebum, of the Third South Carolina Militia, has resigned! No danger now. The Nation of South Carolina may be entered with impunity.

Gen. Paul could not resign without weeping. Poor fellow! The thought of the time came over him when he first commanded a company of Sand-hillers, and how they had stuck to him, and elevated him. The glorious Third! It was true as steel, and had been trained by Gen. Paul Quattlebum.

This widely known and great man, having looked abroad and seen no "spec of war," and having cast his eye at the Federal Government, and found it pacific, has resolved to stick to "the mill" and "the smithy" attended to so successfully, and "leave South Carolina," officially, "alone in her glory"— that is, to allow some other brave man to take his place in the glorious Third of the South Carolina Militia.

So listen, oh! listen, to the glorious words of Gen. Paul, as he announces his solemn determination, and invokes blessings upon his old command, and the State, and States Rights and Democratic Republican Principles, &c.:

"As we are happily at peace with all the world, and likely to remain so for many years, I feel that I may, with propriety, retire from the public service, and therefore tender you my resignation as Brigadier General of the Third Brigade of Infantry."

"May no hostile foot ever invade our country; peace rule supreme throughout its borders; our present institutions—State Rights—Democratic Republican principles continue to flourish; happiness and prosperity find their way into every household and family. These blessings, with all others, within the gift of the Great Dispenser of all good, be abundantly shared by you, my dear General (Maj. Gen. Schnietle), as well as those of the Brigade it was once my delight to command, is the parting wish of your late companion in arms. PAUL QUATTLEBUM."

That will do! So good by, Gen. Paul, till the next war.—*Cleveland True Democrat.*

AMUSING INCIDENT.—The following amusing incident, which I (the Boston correspondent of the *Evening Post*) have ascertained to be true, was related at a dinner table in New York, in the hearing of my informant. A gentleman of this city (Boston), well known as a double-distilled Hunker, and approver of the "Compromise Measures, Fugitive Slave Law included," yet, withal, a man of kindly nature and generous instincts, but indissolubly bound by interest and ambition to the wealthy class, was making his preparations to visit Europe. A few days before that fixed for his sailing, while seated at dinner with his family, the door-bell rung and the servant handed in a package neatly done up, with a letter confined on the top by a string; the letter and packet were addressed, "Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Stafford House, London." Accompanying it was a note addressed to himself, and couched nearly in these terms:

"Dear Sir: Hearing that you are about visiting England, I take the liberty to ask you to take charge of the accompanying package for Mrs. Stowe, to whom I herewith send you a letter of introduction.

"Wishing you, &c., &c., I am, very respectfully, your obd't serv't." ***

(Signed with the name of a well-known and very respectable coloured preacher in Boston.)

The letter to Mrs. Stowe was thus conceived:

"Dear Madam: Mrs. ——— sends you the accompanying ———, of which she begs your acceptance. It will be handed to you by Mr. ———, an earnest friend of the Compromise measures, yet, at the same time, a man of warm affections and generous sympathies. Knowing that you have it in your power to introduce him into circles to which he would not otherwise have access, I commend him heartily to your kind offices, and remain, &c."

(Signed as before.)

The family watched its head, as he successively opened and perused the two letters, his brow darkened as he drew to a close. Having finished, he exclaimed, angrily pushing the box from him, "I'll be d——d if I do!" when, looking suddenly up, he caught the eye of his wife, and the "cat was out."

A hearty laugh was the result, and declaring the trick admirable, our Hunker determined to have *his* fun out of it. So, the day following, he carried it to two other Hunkers, no less distinguished than himself, and they, too, swallowed the bait whole, without flinching. The trick was played off upon him by his eldest son.

ELEVATION OF THE COLOURED PEOPLE.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE difficulties in the way of such an enterprise (the education and elevation of the free coloured people of the North) are exceedingly great. A public sentiment among many Christians—whose only conception of duty is to vomit the coloured man out of America as an indigestible mass—will not afford much of that sympathetic aid without which our own academies and colleges find it almost impossible to live. Education for the free coloured man is the thing most needed. He can do nothing without it. Nothing can prevent his rising, in due time, with it.

We speak of northern prejudices against the blacks. It is not mere prejudice. Neither in the North nor in the South is there any prejudice against the blacks *as menials*. We love to be served by them. Neither odour nor colour repel them from our toilet. Dr. Pennington is not allowed in his pastoral visits among the poor and sick of his flock, scattered all over New York, to ride in an omnibus by the side of white folks; but if Dr. Pennington was a servant and a coachman, he might sit on the same seat with ladies and gentlemen, and ride unrebuked through Broadway.

To marry a black woman would bring down a mob on any man's head; but make it adultery, take it out of a lawful and moral relation, and put it into the category of disallowed and criminal connections, and all prejudice subsides. It is less sinful to break the whole decalogue against the blacks than to keep one single commandment in their favour. The simple truth is this: Men love to have subordinates upon whom to exercise authority. Such servants they easily treat with kindness so long as they stand obviously submissive to them. Any attempt at elevation inflames, not the prejudice, but the pride of men. In Turkey it is against the Christian dog; in Europe, until within a few years everywhere, and now in many nations, it is against the Jew. And in the days of Christ it was the same in the Jew against the Gentile. A word from Christ or his apostles, intimating that the Samaritan or the Gentile were as dear to God as the seed of Abraham, brought down a shower of argumentative stones; just as now a word from the African, as if he had a birthright on earth, as if God ever looked complacently on him anywhere this side of Liberia, as if his chief end were not to be the servant of our lowest wants, brings down a clamour which springs from the very same spot in the human heart that slung stones and cried out for mobs and truculent assaults.

Now, we are far from saying that the African is the equal of the white. One has been long free and educated, the other has sprung from heathenism and grown up under bondage. We found them heathen, we made them slaves. When a few, crawling from that depth, emerged to light, we have neither taught them nor encouraged them to be instructed. We have demanded that they should be slaves to our lowest wants in the North, just as they have been slaves in the South. Our whole public sentiment has been virtually one of bondage to the African. We have said and felt, there shall be no prejudice or injury to you so long as you will keep yourselves at our feet and perform the menial offices of life. But when there has been a claim on their behalf for culture, for trades, for reputable professions—in short, when they have asked for that liberty which is common to us, the public mind has been incensed and has scorned the claim. The freedom which we believed in was the freedom which should make the free African to us what the slave African is to the South. In Georgia he is a slave by law; in New York by public sentiment. He has, to be sure, liberty of locomotion; he owns himself, owns his own children, owns his scanty earnings—may go or stay at his pleasure. It is not a *personal* but a *functional* servitude in the North. The man is free enough to take from our laws and from our consciences all responsibility for his support. We have cut all those ties of Slavery which might beget household attachments, and which in the south cast a faint light on the darkness of the system.

There is some responsibility; there is some regulation. There is, in the very sense of ownership, a sense also of duty, however low and limited that sense may be. But give to a servile class just enough liberty to release their superiors from all sense of responsibility for them, and let the feeling engendered by power remain, that invisible, unexpressed, but mighty legislation of a public sentiment, founded upon pride and passion—let it curb the nominally free crowd, but lift above them steadily all means of improvement, meet and resist every effort at expansion, and hold them down by a repulsive, by an aversive sympathy, to the lowest verge of civilized existence, and is it not another Slavery? If compared with overt, declarative, systematic Slavery, it is in some respects better and in some worse. It gives them a certain personal freedom; it leaves to them the stimulus of ambition. But if they sprout under these influences, it comes down on the tender leaves of growth like bitter frosts in May on trees newly blossomed. Discouragement results. With more temptations in Northern cities than on Southern plantations, it would not be strange if, to some extent, freedom so crude, so abnormal, that it is not freedom in any Christian sense, was yet prolific of many of the vices of Slavery.

It is from such considerations that many plausibly infer that Slavery is better for the African than

liberty—that he is better off in Mobile than in New York. A comparison such as this is like a comparison of value between counterfeit bills and the bills of a broken bank. Neither of them are good for anything.

Let us consider the remedy for this state of things.

1. It is not by asserting for the free coloured man a social equality with the white, while they remain as far apart *in fact* as they generally are. An ignorant man is not elevated merely by being put alongside of educated men. A rude man is no better off by sitting in the same parlour with refined people. To project any class, no matter of what complexion or nationality, upon another class, unlike them, different in habits, tastes and pursuits, is to make both miserable, and to injure both.

There is a social law which cannot be eluded If men are cultured, if their moral sentiments are ennobled, neither law nor prejudice can keep them long from their proper level. But only the most absurd violence can long keep a class far above the sphere for which they are fitted in their own nature.

That which is needed is, that the African should be put on the same footing as the emigrants of all nations. The heavy German, the supple, roistering Irishman, the French, the Swede, have simply this liberty, to rise without obstruction as fast as they are prepared to rise. Trades are open to them. All thoroughfares are common. They are neither made more of nor less, than any others. They are simply allowed their own force and their own achievements. They are worth just what their skill, and fidelity, and industry, and economy are worth. Nothing is subtracted, and nothing added for complexion or language. But it is not so with the coloured man. He has not the thoroughfares. He must walk when other men ride—for no reason except that which lies in a colour. He may not hear preaching when he likes. He may not attend lectures or concerts, as may the poorest Pole, the most lousy and beggarly emigrant peasant. If he can get into the purlieus of a Hall, or the precincts of a Lecture-room, he must sneak in like a dog in a crowd, with a look of unutterable thanks, that each man does *not* kick him. He cannot work at sail-making. Employers don't want him; journeymen and apprentices, themselves half choked with the unmanageable syllables of the new language of the adopted country, are scandalized, and perk up, ready to play off on the poor fellow the very airs and cruelties, from which they themselves have but just escaped. So beggarly human nature demeans itself! The dog that runs yelping from the grip of a bull-dog, flies upon the poor poodle, with repetitious miniature cruelty. Traders don't want niggers. The coloured man may be honest, sagacious, inventive and faithful, but millwrights, and carpenters, and blacksmiths—who all want honesty, sagacity, ingenuity and fidelity, don't want them in a coloured skin. Nobody will have him for a lawyer. Nobody is willing to take his medicinal death-potion, from any but a white man's prescription.

Our demands are not extravagant. We ask only and simply that the African slave shall have the right to grow; and that he should stand at that point of the social scale to which his real worth affixes him.

It seems to us, that a direct and a practicable errand for northern philanthropists is developed in these remarks. Let coloured men be educated; let them learn various useful callings; let them become successful husbandmen. Those who go first must expect to wait and suffer from the repellencies of custom and caste. But, little by little, real worth will work its way. Prejudice will melt.

Men of large moral nature there are in every community If they see that coloured men are determined to be intelligent, industrious and economical; if they see that they are unduly circumscribed, they will begin to utter their solemn protest, which, always beginning with the few, grows steadily clearer, louder, and more authoritative, until the passions at length blench, and submit to Justice and Rectitude.

The diffusion of knowledge, the establishment of schools, patient instruction in Sabbath-schools, the multiplication of churches, of newspapers, and then organized arrangements to educate men for higher callings, and to secure a field for them—this course will, little by little, achieve the work.

Meanwhile, on the other side, it is necessary to teach the Christian community some of the first elements of Christianity—that refinement, and knowledge, and wealth are not given to us that we may depart out of the bosom of society with them, build our solitary castle, far upon some cliff, secure from intrusion, there to riot in self-enjoyment; but that these are sacred trusts reposed by God in our hands for the service of mankind: and that we are *debtors* to the poor, the untaught, and the vicious, just in the proportion in which we ourselves are rich, educated, and virtuous. It is Mrs Stowe's desire to work by such principles and in this direction.

2. There is another view of this question, with which we confess, we have no sympathy.

It begins with despair, and ends with fantastic presumption. It takes it for granted that the African can never rise at home, because he *is* so depressed; because he never *has* risen; and because there is such an obstinate reluctance in the public sympathy. It tells him that laws are against him, customs are adverse, that business is shut up to him, and that there is nothing to hope from Christianity.

But it assures him of a paradise if he will emigrate. Christianity, so stingy to him here, will be lavish in Africa.

Now we have not the slightest objection to any experiment which coloured people may choose, whether in Liberia, or Jamaica, or New Mexico, or Jerusalem. We are entirely willing to have Africa lined with colonies. But let us understand distinctly that it is a free and enterprising scheme. The liberty of going is not to be that with which a poor man bolts out of a curmudgeon's door, with the churl's muscular foot behind him.

We think that Christianity has had quite enough to bear already in bringing men from Africa to the missionary institution of Slavery, where Mr Everett, and others find so much occasion for admiration of Providence. For Christianity to take them by the throat from Africa, convert them at the butt end of a plantation whip, then when enfranchised, to leave them unbefriended, to nestle at the bottom of life, untaught, uncared for, but not unkicked—this in all conscience is enough. But no, our popular Christianity is up and after them again. They are to go back to Fatherland! It tussles with the unwilling fellows, and protests that if they stay here they shall not have a crumb of comfort, that they shall be hewers of wood and drawers of water—but if they will only go back to Africa, or go to Jamaica, or to the moon—*anywhere*, so that rich and refined men may not have to assume the laborious and tedious responsibility of educating and elevating a despised and hateful class—then, for such relief, with profuse promises, the Christianity of popular men and adulterated public sentiment, holds out the most charming prospects.

If I will not relieve a beggar at my door, shall I be likely to send mercies after him when he has been clapped into the workhouse?

We shall believe more in the desire to do these men good in Africa, when we see some signs of Christian benevolence to them here, when we hear men pray for them, when we see some tasks of Christian enterprise. But until schools, and workshops and farms have been a little more thoroughly tried; until we have heard ministers teaching their people the fundamental elements of Christian love to the poor and despised; when we have ministers who dare pray for the liberation of the slave, and who will *not* walk out into the street to volunteer personal assistance in sending back to the bottomless abyss of Slavery the miserable, trembling Henry Long, we shall not be in haste to conclude that there is no power in Christianity adequate to do the African good *in America*.

But if Christianity *has* no power to rescue and elevate the free coloured man in this land, where it shines down upon him with perpendicular rays, we hope, at least, that men will have enough respect for our sense, not to ask us to believe that the oblique rays of religion stretching far across upon Africa will have power to elevate them.

We respect frankness. If uneasy Christians will walk up to the matter and say, it is very annoying to patience and sensibility to educate these niggers ourselves; but we will give you any amount of money to take them off to Africa, out of our way, and then with the long guns of the Foreign Missionary Society we will pelt Christianity at them by the broad side—we could say, at least, that we understood what was meant—*Independent*.

"FREE TRADE AND SAILORS' RIGHTS."

"Imprisonment of Coloured Seamen.—We learn that the case of Reuben Roberts against Sheriff Yates, or rather of Great Britain against South Carolina, which started off so grandiosely, has come to a very "lame and impotent conclusion." Orders have been received through the British Minister, that further proceedings in the case be discontinued, and that their counsel be paid off and discharged. It is presumed that the British Government became convinced that, whatever might be the decision of the case before the Supreme Court, they could only gain a loss by it; and the greater loss in the event of their winning the suit, inasmuch as it would most certainly have been followed, not by the abrogation of the law of South Carolina, but by that of the reciprocity treaty, on which their complaint was founded."—*Charleston Courier, of June 18.*

The law of South Carolina imprisons every coloured man on every vessel that comes into her harbours. If he is able to pay his jail expenses, he is liberated when the vessel sails. If he is not, he is sold into Slavery to pay them. When the law was passed, several States questioned the right of South Carolina to enact it. But nothing came of their questioning. Great Britain remonstrated, but the remonstrance was disregarded. Massachusetts protested, but the protest was contemptuously thrown aside.

Still there remained a mode of redress. The Constitution provides that "controversies between States, and those arising out of treaties," shall be tried by the United States Courts. In accordance with this provision, Massachusetts and Great Britain sent lawyers to Charleston, not to attack the law, nor to break it—but simply to have it *tried*. The South Carolinians mobbed one lawyer, and the above paragraph shows how they have disposed of the other.

"I do solemnly swear that I will preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States," is the oath taken by the Governor, the Legislature, the Judges and the Sheriffs of the Palmetto State, when they enter upon the duties of their offices. Whereupon the Governor writes a message, and the Legislature pass a law, and the Judges announce it from the bench, and the Sheriffs execute it—to the effect that when the Constitution of the United States conflicts with the police regulations of South Carolina, it is worthless and of no effect! And the citizens uphold their rulers by refusing to have it tried, whether they conflict or no!

At the present moment, a Constable of Charleston is a higher dignitary than the President of the United States or the Queen of England. *His* acts are tacitly admitted to be superior to the faith of treaties, and to Federal Courts, to Acts of Congress, and to the Constitution itself. *Theirs* are not. *They* can do nothing that may not be questioned. *He* can.—*Albany Evening Journal*

A VERY COMMON MISTAKE.

A Southern correspondent of the New York *Tribune* takes exception to the course of that paper on the question of Slavery:

"Though fully satisfied," says he, "as I ever have been, that Slavery is in the highest degree detrimental to the South, in both a physical and moral point of view, yet I do not believe that one convert was ever made in the South by all the teaching, preaching, and intermedling with the subject by all the Abolition prints, prayers, and preachings ever uttered North of Mason and Dixon's Line; at least, an instance of such a change of opinion has never come to my knowledge, but the opposite result is the consequence. But for the Anti-Slavery organizations in the North, Kentucky would, without doubt, have adopted a system of emancipation years ago. Missouri, Maryland, and Virginia would soon have followed in her wake, and other States in due time."

To this, Mr. Greeley replies in a manner that should convince his correspondent of his error:

We do not doubt that our friend who writes the above believes every word of it; for he has heard so many people say it a hundred times over, that he thinks it must be true. Men often love and seek an excuse for not doing that which their consciences tell them they ought to do; and what better could a slaveholder desire than is afforded by the general outcry against the machinations of Abolitionists? If the demons in Christ's time had been asked to show cause why they should not be cast out, they would doubtless have responded in this very spirit of protest against the intermeddling of persons whom *they* never troubled with their private concerns and very probably asserted that, but for this, they would have gone out of their own accord long ago. "Let us alone, thou Jesus of Nazareth! what have we to do with *thee?*" such is substantially the remonstrance of all the devils, that ever were cast out or ever will be.

More than half a century elapsed after our Declaration of Independence before any concerted efforts were made in the Northern States looking to the overthrow of Southern Slavery. During the first of these two generations, Slavery was far less profitable, the Slaves less numerous and less valuable, severally and in the aggregate, than they have since been and now are, and yet nothing decisive was done South of Mason and Dixon's line toward the extinction of Slavery. During this time, six or seven new Territories were peopled with Slaveholders and Slaves, and erected into Slave States; yet in no one instance were the efforts to prevent such a consummation successful, though in the case of Kentucky they were enforced by Henry Clay, than whom no man was ever better qualified for a popular orator and leader. When the Quakers of North Carolina were moved by their consciences to emancipate all their Slaves, their neighbours turned out in gangs to hunt, run down, capture and re-enslave these freed men, killing and maiming them with as little compunction as they would have hunted a drove of wild hogs. These and forty such outrages took place in the blessed days of Non-agitation and Northern passiveness; and we defy any man to show that, from 1775 to 1825, a single effective step had been taken by the South toward the mitigation of the legalized atrocities of Slavery.

In the light of these facts, we ask J. A. O. to give us some proof more substantial than his naked assertion that the more Northern Slave States "*would* have adopted the system of emancipation years ago" if the Free States had been quiet on the subject. We ask him to say why Kentucky and Missouri did not do this in forming their State Constitutions if so disposed? for the Missouri agitation resulted from, but did not precede nor attend, the framing of the Missouri Constitution.

Of course, we do not deny that the cause of Abolition, like every other good cause, has unwise, intemperate and mischievous advocates. We see how industriously and universally the sayings and doings of these are disseminated through the South; but we know, moreover, that they are so employed as pretexts or excuses for doing what had already been fully resolved on. Indiscriminate "laudation of the slave and abuse of the "master" is not common at the North. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is a fair exponent of Northern Anti-Slavery opinion on this subject. Masters, mistresses, slaves and fugitives are good and bad as individuals; it is the *relation* of master and slave which is inevitably false, vicious and depraving.

Now, as to Emancipation. We agree with our correspondent, that it will take place whenever a majority of the governing race at the South shall have been convinced that Slavery is to them an evil and an injury. We agree also that the economic disadvantages and mischiefs of the slave system should be prominently and forcibly presented. But the primary obstacle to be vanquished is the indisposition of the masters to reflect, to reason, or to calculate on the subject at all. The advantages of Slavery are all just at hand and lie plain on the surface. The most benighted barbarian, the veriest simpleton, can comprehend them. It is convenient to own human beings to whom your word is law; who live for your pleasure, and whose limbs and faculties are consecrated to the gratification of your appetites. All this a child may realize—and here the argument for Slavery ends. Its evils, though gigantic, are more abstract and remote. You do not discern on the instant that, by using another's faculties to do your proper work, you lose the perfection and command of your own. You do not feel that your exhortations to a life of industry, frugality and usefulness, are lost on your child when he is trained to employ another's muscles for the satisfaction of his most trifling need. You do not realize that the submissive and agile dependent, who flies to execute, where he cannot anticipate, your order, is almost inevitably an eye-servant and an idler whenever your back is turned. Having taught him by your example that the avoidance of labour is a chief end of life, how can you expect him to ignore the lesson in his own unconstrained deportment?

But, admitting that self-interest is the motive which will ultimately impel the Whites of the South to Emancipation, it does not follow that the question is to be viewed so narrowly as our correspondent implies. That is a most contracted view of any man's interest which leaves God and His Justice out of the account. Whatever is morally wrong cannot be otherwise than injurious to every one who consciously promotes or upholds it. To prove an institution to be wrong, therefore, is often the shortest cut to a demonstration that it must be overthrown. The intellect may be fatigued and bewildered among intricate calculations of the profit and loss attending Slavery, where the conscience, being confronted with the driver's whip, the coffle and the auction-block would point instantly and unerringly to a righteous decision.

HOW A BLACK MAN TOOK CARE OF HIMSELF.

Conversing with an old friend of mine from the Valley of Virginia, whom I met at the Astor House the other day, on his return from a long Western tour, the conversation turned upon "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which he was decidedly disposed to defend, by the way, as "not a bad book, after all, and one which showed up many things pretty truthfully, and in a way that would do good, in spite of sundry exaggerations." From that particular "Cabin" he turned to cabins generally, and then to ways and means for "getting rid" of the black population, if emancipated—he advocating African colonisation, and I hinting "Canadian *emigration*" until he finally struck the universal string of pro-slavery apologism (I can't call his talk advocacy, although he is himself a slaveholder), of which you will readily anticipate the mention—"the starving condition of the free blacks"

In this latter connection, my friend—by way of confession, without avoidance, that there was another side of that question in his own thoughts, for he is a frank as well as an observant and shrewd man—gave me some facts relative to a free coloured man whom he visited near Urbana, Ohio, which I propose to record. His name is Richard Stanup. He is a farmer of his own land (and a successful one, too, my informant thinks, notwithstanding he is a coloured man), residing in Champaign county, of which Urbana is the county seat, where he settled in 1804. He acted as General Washington's waiter during the struggles of the Revolution, of whom he speaks with awed affection. He witnessed most of the battles of that era, and was wounded at the battle of Stony Point, and was left for dead on the field of conflict. The scars from wounds then received he bears upon his person still, not without evident consciousness that they are regarded "honourable scars," as his garrulous details denote clearly enough. He is a member of the Baptist church, which he joined eighty years ago; and yet he talks with the aid of a vivid recollection, seemingly, of his conversion, and his baptism in the Potomac, while "blessing the Lord" for it. His character, I am assured, has not belied his early profession—it having been markedly exemplary.

It will be inferred from one of the statements above, that Richard Stanup (probably a corruption upon "Stanhope") is a very old man; and so he certainly is, to the extent of having become a curiosity for his unusual senecity alone, apart from the other associations named. His age is now about 106! He has certainly not disregarded, during this long life, the scriptural injunction to multiply and replenish the earth, for he is the father of *thirty-three* children, by two wives only. The youngest of these is now about eighteen. His mental as well as physical powers are wonderfully firm and elastic for such a prolonged life as his. It has been suggested by the Urbana *Gazette*, which has given a notice of this remarkable personage, that Congress—considering the circumstance of Stanup being probably the last surviving member of Washington's family—ought to vote him a pension. I design not to object to the proposition; but my slaveholding friend and informant did not seem to think that he *needed* any pecuniary aid, in view of his so successfully hoeing his own row in the field of life, amid circumstances adverse to his race.—*N. Y. Cor. National Era.*

A Word for Garrison.—We notice that some of our Free Democratic cotemporaries take it upon themselves to war with Garrison, because of his peculiar religious creed. Some show a disposition to "read him out" of the Anti-Slavery ranks—to say to him, "I am holier than thou," to refuse to co-operate with him in the great and Heaven-ordained work of preaching deliverance to the captive, because, forsooth he does not see eye to eye with them in matters Theological! Now we have no wish to go into an argument for or against Mr. Garrison's religious creed—we believe him capable and honest enough to take care of his own conscience; but we feel in duty bound to protest against that bigotry and intolerance which demands that devils be cast out in its own name, or let alone. We believe that Wm. Lloyd Garrison has done more, sacrificed more, for the cause of God's poor in this country, than many, if not all of his persecutors. We do not agree with some of his views, but we do believe him an honest, earnest friend of Truth—a noble example of integrity, and one of the choicest spirits of our times.—*Banner of the Times.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

⁂ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

†‡† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* Francis Jackson, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* Sydney Howard Gay, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1853.

WHAT SUSTAINS SLAVERY.

We shared in the regret felt by the great body of intelligent Abolitionists, in England and America, at the ground taken by Professor Stowe at the Anniversary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. We were sorry to see that a man of Dr. Stowe's prominence in the Religious world should have lived so long in the midst of the discussions to which Slavery has given rise, and should be so strangely uninformed as to the true props on which it leans. And, especially, we lamented that the husband of the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' should have even appeared, for we will not suppose that he had any such design, to wish to weaken the effect of the 'Key' in unlocking to the World the Bluebeard's Chamber in our National House, and displaying the strange spectacle of its horrors, and the yet stranger of the class of persons that assist in perpetrating and in hiding them. Dr. Stowe presents three ways as the only ones of abolishing Slavery. "First, by a bloody Revolution, which none of them (the Meeting) would hear of." And the audience responded by cries of "hear, hear." Now, we should like to know why Dr. Stowe and his audience would not hear of this way of abolishing Slavery. If they regret the appeal to arms in all cases and deny the right of any class of the oppressed to rise upon their oppressors, then they may justly exclude the slaves from this remedy. But if he or they justify the Poles, the Hungarians, or Americans, in their Revolutionary movements, we must demand an equal share of sympathy for men suffering under a bondage compared with which Russian, Austrian or British tyranny is perfect freedom, should they ever be in a condition to organise an Insurrection. We are afraid that Dr. Stowe has enunciated a doctrine which he would not choose to follow out to its ultimate results, if applied to white men. We think white and black should have the same measure meted out to them, as to their remedies as well as to their rights. If white men are excluded from armed resistance by Religion or Morality, then are black men. If white men may decide when the time has come for a forcible attempt to recover their rights, so may black men. Let us be impartial and not have one rule for ourselves and another for men of whose injuries we can scarcely form any adequate idea.

Dr. Stowe's Second Way of Abolishing Slavery is "by persuading the Slaveholders of the wrong they committed; but this would have no effect as long as they bought their cotton." This is, certainly, an obvious *non sequitur*; because, if we can persuade the Slaveholders of their duty to emancipate their Slaves, we shall still want the cotton as much as ever, and we believe it can be demonstrated, from human nature and the Experience of the West Indies, that they can make a greater profit on their Cotton if raised by freemen than they do now that it is raised by Slaves. It seems to us that it would have been more to the purpose to have said, we cannot expect to convince the Slaveholders that Slaveholding is wrong, as long as the American Church, as a Body, refuses to treat it as a Sin. If the Organized Piety of the Country see nothing in the relation of a Master to a Slave necessarily inconsistent with the Christian Character, why should the master be expected to be wise above what is written and to believe that he is a sinner above other men for doing what the Church does not condemn? And then what a strong appeal might have been taken to the Religious Bodies of Great Britain, and to individual Christians, to unite in attempting to change this fatal position of the American Church, fatal to its own usefulness as well as fatal to the Slaves! It seems to us that Mrs. Stowe has made the guilt of the American Church, in its various divisions, patent to all mankind. It is clear that Slaveholders cannot "be persuaded of the wrong they are committing," as long as the great Religious Teachers of the Country treat it as if it were no wrong at all—admitting the Christian character and ecclesiastical equality of men living by this very wrong and recognising them as successors of the Apostles and Members of the Body of the Lord Jesus Christ.

And Dr. Stowe's third reason was, that "the *only possible* way (of abolishing Slavery) was by making it unprofitable as compared with Free Labour." Is this Dr. Stowe's doctrine as to the other evils and sins that are in the World? We presume that he is one of the Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Does he propose to root out Idolatry among the Nations of the Earth, by making it less profitable than Christianity? Does he make Practical Religion a matter of Dollars and Cents? We do not believe that he does. And yet, if this is the *only possible way* of abolishing "the Sum of all Villanies," is there any more feasible one for removing the single sins which are the Units of that Sum? Is "the foolishness of preaching" effectual for the conversion of mankind from their lesser errors and sins, but utterly inefficient when brought to bear on the very grossest form that human avarice and cruelty and lust ever assumed? The Theological Seminary at Andover should change its name in conformity with this alteration in the instrumentality that is to reform the World. It should be the Politico-Economical Seminary, and teach the Science of Profit and Loss, and of Demand and Supply, and not Repentance and Remission of Sins. It is equally true that, to a well-regulated sight, all vices and crimes and dishonesty are less profitable, in the end, even in a money point of view, than their opposite virtues. But it is hardly the office of a Christian Minister, as it strikes us, to point to this as the only way of salvation. It has an appearance, which we are willing to believe Dr. Stowe will yet prove to be merely an appearance, as if he wished to divert the indignant gaze of the British public, at that moment fixed upon him, from the Church as a chief support of Slavery to one merely incidental and, in comparison, quite immaterial.

We believe that the money made by Slavery is by no means the only or chief motive that induces the master to hold on to his Slaves. The Slaveholders are, as a general thing, educated and intelligent men. Their business is politics and the Science and Practice of Government. We believe that they know, the leaders of them certainly, that they would make more money by Free than by Slave Labour. They know as well as we, or as Homer, that

——"the day
Makes man a Slave takes half his worth away;"

more than half his worth as a producer of wealth. They know that the hope of improving his own condition, and that of his children, would be an infinitely stronger incentive to intelligent labour than the coarse stimulus of the cart-whip. Why, then, do they hold on to the System with such a death grasp? Because their ancestors and ours so constructed the frame of our National government as to put the control of the whole machine into their hands, as long as they remain Slaveholders. Because by the Constitution of our National Government, they were erected into an Oligarchy, the element of the existence of which was ownership in human beings, and which will disappear as soon as that element is eliminated. Perhaps this result was not intended. Perhaps it does not flow necessarily and logically from the premises of the Constitution. We will not stop to argue that matter. But the fact that the Slaveholders have ruled us, and still do, will hardly be denied by any one. It is written too palpably on every page of our history. Slavery *is*, indeed, a most fatal institution for the *South*. It sits like a Night-mare on its prosperity and happiness. But it constitutes the essence of the political power of the *Slaveholders*—a very small minority of the white inhabitants, but absorbing nearly all the wealth and education—by which they have absolute control over the Southern States and an eminently governing influence over the affairs of the Union. And what Aristocracy ever renounced the elementary principle of its power, except on compulsion, physical or moral? A single Tyrant has, three or four times in the world's history, abdicated his dominion; an Oligarchy, NEVER!!

Now, the object of the Anti-Slavery Movement is to organize a Moral Compulsion, which shall extirpate this aristocracy. To bring together all the elements of moral hostility to Slavery, wherever they may exist, and direct them with terrible concentration against it. To bring every ray of intelligence and humanity to bear in one focal blaze upon this abnormal Abomination, and to destroy it, like a thing of darkness, by the light of Truth. And in this work we have had no help from the American Church. It has been busy, on the contrary, by the hands of its ministers, members and presses, in calumniating the men who were engaged in this work and doing what in them lay to palsy their hands and hinder their work. Nay, worse; it has refused to reduce Slavery into the category of mortal sins. It welcomes to its pulpits and communion tables, and lifts to the high places of its Assemblies, men who live by robbing the poor of their wages, who deny "all the charities of father, son and brother," by law, to men as good as themselves, and who refuse to them what they themselves profess to regard as the necessary means of Salvation. Who give the most effectual support to Slavery—these lights of American Christianity or the Cotton-spinners of Manchester and Rochdale? We cannot but hope that Dr. Stowe will reconsider his positions, and see that Slavery is entrenched behind more effectual breast-works than Cotton-bags—even pulpits and communion-tables—and resolutions of General Assemblies, Associations, Conferences, Conventions and Boards of Commissioners. Its roots extend deeper than to the pocket. They have twisted themselves about the very heart-strings of this people. They are not to be reached by Political Economy. It is Religion, in its highest and purest sense, the profoundest and most practical recognition of duty to God and Man, that must loosen their grasp. If the Abolitionists have been compelled to take the teaching of this Religion out of the hands of the Church, whose fault was it? If the Church will come up to this work, and put forth her irresistible power, for the destruction instead of the comfort of Slavery, she shall meet with no obstruction from the Abolitionists. Most happy should we be to see her bringing forth figs and grapes, instead of thorns and thistles—putting forth her strength to break rather than to bind chains, to open the prison-doors rather to keep guard over them.—E. Q.

THE PURELY AMERICAN POLICY.

A morning paper, of a day or two ago, publishes a letter from London, attributed to Kossuth, which reviews the present aspect of the Turkish question, and, in terms unmistakeably Kossuthian, pours vials of indignant wrath upon the head of the Russian despot. "And," he asks, "amidst these important events, what of America? As yet not one of the diplomatic agents of her democratic Government is yet on his post in Europe; and a minister to Constantinople and to Paris, not even nominated yet! Why, Sir, but that's a negligence surpassing imagination; that's a degradation of your national dignity, which is bordering upon ridicule, if not upon the contempt, of and from the civilized world!" "But," exclaims the eloquent Hungarian, interrupting himself, "I forget! Though we have not the principle of Democracy represented in these transactions affecting the conditions of the world, we have, in compensation, Mr. Pryor's Russian articles from Washington. I understand. So young, and yet so decrepid! Poor America! It is pitiful to think! The bright star fading away, before it developed its lustre at all! *Requiescite!* You are also 'empty chaff,' like the rest. It's pitiful."

Pitiful indeed! but not new, if M. Kossuth could look at nations or affairs with any other than his Hungarian light. He need not have waited to know how the Government of the United States would comport itself in the cause of freedom in Europe before venturing to pronounce it "'empty chaff' like the rest." How can a Government, whose acknowledged policy has always been to uphold, and extend, and protect, one system of Slavery, do anything better than stand aloof when other despots would extend and protect some other system of servitude not half so bad? How can the slaveholder at home be the Apostle of Freedom abroad? Nay, how can the slaveholder who goes from home to strengthen his own tyranny, be expected to change his nature and his habit and go forth in behalf of Liberty? Nations as much as individuals have positive characters, and that no one is a sinner to day, a saint to-morrow, and a sinner again the next day, is as true of States as it is of citizens. The Northern Bear may be an ugly beast, but we have a Southern bear to match it, and the wonder is that a wise man should have ever expected this beast to be anything else.

"Mr. Pryor's Russian articles," referred to above, were upon Russia. In a later number of the *Union*, we have a *Russian* article upon our own policy, which we copy below. It is much worse than Mr. Pryor's, though it excites less attention, for the good American reason that we care less for what we do than what we say, our national hypocrisy having reached that height, that we really blush to defend in others acts which we daily commit ourselves. The article is as follows:

"The condition of the world at this time imposes unusual responsibilities upon the administration. Questions of international policy are now presented which call for the utmost wisdom, caution, and ability in their management. The national honour must be maintained under all circumstances, the national prosperity must be secured at any hazard, and our national independence must be preserved at any sacrifice short of our national honour. We have alluded lately to one of these questions, growing out of the rumoured policy in regard to Cuba, which stands out at this time with imposing prominence. If the public rumours which attribute to Great Britain a design, in connection with Spain, to convert Cuba into a government of free blacks, shall prove to be well-founded, the high position taken by the executive will be put to a severe trial. The proximity of this island to our southern coast—the facility of the intercourse—the character of the population—the position of the island in regard to the mouth of the Mississippi; these and other considerations of no less moment, at once suggest themselves as constituting elements upon which our policy must be solved. If there was nothing in the past history of Great Britain to excite our watchfulness, we should be reluctant to give the slightest credence to the rumours alluded to. We are not prepared to believe that she has deliberately determined to provoke an issue which may be fraught with the most disastrous consequences But there is at least enough in her past policy towards us, in the distinguished honours she is paying to one of our citizens who owes all her prominence to her assaults upon the integrity of our Union, as well as in her known policy in regard to some of her own islands, to induce us not to disregard and dismiss these rumours too inconsiderately. It may not be the policy of our government to take the initiative in regard to Cuba, although the considerations looking to its acquisition involve almost necessarily the question of our self-preservation; but it is unquestionably our duty, and we certainly hope our policy, to be prepared with one voice and all our strength to prevent any interference in that quarter which threatens the happiness and permanence of our own government. The administration cannot be, and we are sure it is not, too vigilant in guarding this point of attack upon our institutions. With our knowledge of British diplomacy, and the spirit of aggression which has marked the career of that government, we may be excused for listening to rumours which are in consonance with her past conduct. If we listen to them too readily, Great Britain should remember that her own policy has been such as to make us readily suspicious. But, at all events, the administration has staked its character upon the maintenance of a purely American policy; and we are confident that the whole American people are prepared to see that policy maintained with the same energy, fidelity, and boldness with which they hailed its announcement on the fourth of March."

Strip all this of its verbiage, its fustian declarations of our national honour and independence, and its appeals to prejudice against British policy, and what does it mean? simply this: That whereas Great Britain having prevailed upon Spain to comply with a long-standing Treaty, and to free African slaves imported into Cuba within a given time, the American Republic is called upon to interfere with and estop such Emancipation lest it shall jeopard, by force of example, and through its moral influence, the existence of Slavery in our Southern States. The "purely American policy" is not to foster the spirit of liberty, is not to aid the struggles of the oppressed, is not to seize upon and unclasp the ever-tightening grasp with which tyrants clutch their victims, is not to seize upon the opportunity of a New World and a young and vigorous people wherewith to create a new era for man; but it is to use the advantage of position and power to re-act the old drama, to re-establish the subjugation of races, and the oppression of the poor and humble. The feudalism and Slavery of the older continents are only transplanted to a new soil, and, in the name of Democracy, the Republic is to watch the European powers, and see to it that nowhere, in the West, if she can prevent it, shall a single slave, whether a slave by birth or a slave by piracy, be liberated. Is it not, indeed, very 'pitiful'?

But, after all, it should be remembered that the *Union* is announcing nothing new. If Mr. Pierce's administration shall signalize itself by attempting to defeat the freedom of the *Emancipados* of Cuba—we say *attempt*, for the success of such a project may not yet be considered as a settled question—such national profligacy will not have the poor credit even of being novel For more than thirty years, each successive administration has looked with lustful eyes upon Cuba, and none of them have ever hesitated to perpetrate any quantity of diplomatic lies to render possible the rape they longed to commit. But in all this long period the Government has acted truly to the American policy. Mr. Pierce is only a vile imitator of his illustrious predecessors who asked the intercession of Russia to put an end to the war between Spain and her Colonies, lest Cuba should catch the infection of rebellion, and sent delegates to the Congress of Panama, to assure the representatives of the new Republics of South America that the United States would not stand quietly by and submit to the Abolition of Slavery in that Island. It is clear the new President understands the duties of his position, and we may be assured that his administration will fulfil them as those that have gone before it. The aim and purpose of the Republic is to collect taxes on Imports and protect Slavery at home and abroad. The devise of a Presidential term is merely to insure a division of the emoluments of office, every four years, among a larger number of the people. The real power that governs us never changes, and is never changed. The King never dies.

Free Presbyterian.—This paper was established some three years ago, at Mercer, Pa., under the editorship of Rev. Joseph Gordon, a faithful and thorough Abolitionist, who made it a terror to the Slavery-polluted churches of our country. Thoroughly Calvinistic in theology as he was, Mr. Gordon never endorsed the dishonest and slanderous imputations of "infidelity" which those Churches are continually casting upon Abolitionists who cherish a faith different from their own, with a view to counteract the effects likely to be produced by the truthful exposure of their complicity in the guilt of slaveholding. The American Anti-Slavery Society and its friends were always treated by him with Christian courtesy and respect. Some months ago, however, the *Free Presbyterian* was discontinued, and its good-will transferred to the *Christian Press* at Cincinnati, of which Mr. Gordon became one of the editors. The new paper promised well at first, but, Mr. Gordon having ceased to write for it, it has lately sunk itself to the level of the popular religious press by its Jesuitical attacks upon Mr. Garrison and others who work with him in the Anti-Slavery cause, and especially by echoing the charge of "infidelity" brought against them by the pro-slavery Church. On this account, we are gratified to learn that the *Free Presbyterian* is to be revived under its former editor. It has long been our belief that a thoroughly orthodox man is not *necessarily* mean and ungenerous toward those whose theological sentiments do not square with his own; and Mr. Gordon will, we trust, help us by his example to retain a conviction which the un-Christian conduct of so many others is so well calculated to shake.

The New Orleans Insurrection.—The late rumour of an insurrection at N. Orleans created a panic up the coast of the Mississippi, which spread like wildfire from parish to parish. At one place it was believed that thirty whites were massacred, in the city, at the first outbreak; and in the next parish the numbers had increased to forty; and by the time the rumor reached Donaldsonville, a hundred lay in their gory beds in New Orleans. All along the coast, active measures of precaution were immediately taken, patrols were formed, and all the "happy peasantry" were arrested if found abroad at unreasonable hours. At Bonne Casée, a white man, a cattle driver, was seized by the patrol, he having been detected in the use of unguarded speech. What he said is not reported, but, perhaps, he may have made some unseasonable allusion to the approach of the "glorious 4th."

ANTI-SLAVERY CELEBRATION AT ABINGTON.

Editorial Correspondence of the Standard.

Boston, July 5, 1853.

The Anti-Slavery Celebration of the 'glorious Fourth' took place yesterday, as usual, in the beautiful grove at Abington. Partly on account of the heavy rain on the previous night and the somewhat threatening appearance of the clouds in the morning, and partly on account of the refusal of the Old Colony Railroad Company to make the usual reduction in the rates of fare, the number of persons who attended from this city and some other places was not as great as in former years; but in spite of this draw-back, the audience was very large—large enough, in fact, for all practical purposes, since not more than half of those who were present could get within ear-shot of the proceedings. The clouds, which we feared might expose us to an unwelcome process of hydropathic medication, only served to screen us effectually from the rays of the sun.

Of the grove and its surroundings I hardly need speak, since their beauties have often been described by pens that can paint far better than mine. Suffice it to say that the miniature forest which the Abolitionists of the Old Colony have made historic by choosing it as the scene of their Fourth of July Festivities, reposes as quietly as ever in the encircling arm of the crescent lake that separates it from the picturesque village of Abington. Gracefully as ever glide the mimic boats on the bosom of the water, their white sails swaying gently in the passing breeze. The revolving Swing still stretches forth its long arms invitingly to the boys and girls who are fond of the sport it proffers. The sweet-scented pines still throw their welcome shade over the spot which Anti-Slavery eloquence has made forever classic, and keep bright and clean the carpet which they long since spread for the accommodation of their liberty-loving guests.

The Boston friends, upon their arrival at the point of disembarkation, were met by the Weymouth Band and a large body of people from the immediate region, and escorted to the grove. The cars from Plymouth and intervening places subsequently brought a large addition to the assembly. The meeting having been called to order by Mr. May, of the Committee of Arrangements, Charles Lenox Remond was appointed President. I have not the list of Vice Presidents at hand. The Secretaries were Robert F. Wallcut and A. J. Grover.

Mr. Remond made a pertinent introductory address, and was followed by Mr. Watkins, a coloured young man, whom it had never been my pleasure to hear before. His speech indicated the possession of fine abilities, and was received by the audience with much favour. Next came Rev. A. T. Foss, a Baptist clergyman, formerly of New Hampshire, whose strong arguments and earnest, unstudied manner produced a marked effect. Wendell Phillips closed the morning session by one of those speeches which no one save himself can make, and which commanded the fixed attention of the whole assembly.

In the afternoon, after a brief address by Oliver Johnson, Mr. Garrison took the platform and occupied it for an hour and a half in a speech marked by his characteristic eloquence and power. He divided the word of Anti-Slavery truth according to the demands of the time and the occasion, dealing faithfully alike with the Church, the State, and the political parties. Henry C. Wright and C. L Remond afterwards made a few remarks, and, at half-past four o'clock, the meeting adjourned.

I must not forget to say that the proceedings were interspersed with music from the Weymouth Band, and that a number of appropriate hymns were sung by such friends as were able to join in that delightful service.

The Boston friends reached their homes at 7 o'clock, in time to witness the fireworks on the Common, which I must own were very fine, though I could not help feeling that it was a sin to waste so much money in commemoration of a freedom which is yet but half won. The people flocked into the city in immense numbers to witness the display, and probably there were not less than *thirty or forty thousand* spectators. Among the pyrotechnic devices was one got up especially in honour of Daniel Webster, but it was received by the immense multitude, so far as I could learn, without a single cheer.

—Theodore Parker preached a grand Sermon on Sunday, upon the Advantages and the Perils of America. The splendid Music Hall was well filled by an intelligent auditory. I never heard Mr. Parker speak with deeper earnestness or with greater power.—He handled the Slavery Question with a masterly force of logic and in a Christian as well as a philosophic spirit. It was the first time in several years that I had enjoyed the privilege of hearing Mr. P. in his own pulpit, and I could not resist the impression that, great as he is acknowledged to be in all the high qualities of a preacher, he has not yet reached the acme of his fame and power. He is still a *growing* man. He is exerting a mighty influence in Boston, and has the honour of being hated by all that is corrupt and vile in that degenerate city.

BRITISH SEAMEN IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

That South Carolina is a 'great country' is a proposition which hitherto has been considered as depending, for the most part, on her own assertion, but we are afraid that hereafter it will have a somewhat more substantial basis. If the fact shall prove so, perhaps the previous fact of the long assertion may have something to do with it, partly, it may be, from a sort of necessity of proving her words to be true, and partly from an inherent, original 'pluck' which, having prompted the prophecy, makes its own fulfilment. For States, as we have said elsewhere, are not unlike individuals, and the 'game chicken' of the Ring, though he may be small, and not one that a brother in the noble art of self-defence would back on sight, yet may make up in nerve what he wants in muscle, and be able not to boast and to badger beforehand, but to lick three times his weight of 'Tom Hyer' when it really comes to serious business. Such seems likely to be the case with South Carolina. That she should have set at defiance the Northern States of this glorious Union, imprisoned her citizens, and sold them as slaves, in a certain contingency, with impunity and in spite of protestation and remonstrance, is not so much to be wondered at; for are we not, politically, the white 'niggers' of the South? But it will be something to admire at if, having defied Great Britain, she shall at last conquer her, and bring that haughty nation to a submission as quiet and humble as has ever been yielded by New York or Massachusetts. Great Britain, whose boast, like that of Rome, has been that her citizens were never beyond her protection, and who has held herself in readiness to resent an insult to the humblest subject with the same promptitude that she would vindicate the outraged dignity of the nation itself, succumbs to a petty State, whose only power is in her immaculate impudence. Let Mr. John Brown of Manchester be called upon by the police of Austria or Italy, who may have upon their list of dangerous persons twelve John Browns whose presence is considered likely to jeopard the peace of the State, and forthwith the whole press of England and Scotland, from Land's End to John o'Groat's, opens, in full cry, upon British dignity, and British citizenship, and appeals to the Ministry to assert the rights and defend the person of Mr. Brown. And hitherto there has seemed a disposition on the part of that Government to do no less than this in behalf of Mungo who might have occasion to go from Jamaica or the Bahamas into the port of Charleston, and to insist that he should not be thrown into jail on his arrival, and eventually sold into Slavery, his natural black skin being considered quite as much entitled to protection as Mr. Brown's drab gaiters. But from recent debates in Parliament, on the imprisonment of British seamen in this country, it seems that the attitude of the Government, on this question, is to be changed A motion has been made in both Houses for a copy of the Correspondence respecting it, and passed. The motion in the House of Lords was made by Lord Beaumont, who, in the course of his

speech, after recounting the efforts of the British Consul at Charleston for the protection of Coloured seamen, imprisoned under the law, made the following statement:

There could be no doubt but that the proceedings in question had created considerable ill-will in South Carolina; and the Governor of that State had actually declared that had it not been for those proceedings, he would have recommended a modification of the law under which captains of vessels would merely be required to confine any free negroes or persons of colour in their vessels during their stay in the ports of that State. Now he (Lord Beaumont) believed that *that would be as great a concession as we could, under present circumstances. expect; for the inhabitants of South Carolina naturally found it necessary to exclude free negroes from their territory while they continued to retain the slave system.* He hoped, whoever might be the British Consul in South Carolina in future, that instructions should be given him not to let the subject be neglected; but that he should be requested to use his best endeavours to induce the Legislature of South Carolina to take the initiative in bringing about a more desirable state of things than at present prevailed, in reference to the question to which he had just been calling their lordships' attention (hear, hear).

The Earl of Clarendon, who followed Lord Beaumont, was even more explicit. The greatest difficulty, he said, in a way of a satisfactory settlement of the question—of giving, that is, adequate protection to British seamen who may happen to be coloured—was the existence of a treaty of Commerce between the two countries. He continued:

By that treaty the utmost freedom of commercial intercourse between the two countries had been stipulated for and guaranteed. In addition to that treaty, there was a provision which had reference to the particular laws of each individual State. Under that proviso it was that South Carolina insisted upon the maintenance of the law in its existing state, and he (the Earl of Clarendon) had no hesitation in saying that the question had been referred to different gentlemen who had acted as the law advisers of the Crown, and that the opinion of those gentlemen had been that, however unjustifiable the present law might be, *the Government of this country had no right to demand its abrogation. nor to seek for compensation for the injuries which might be inflicted upon her Majesty's subjects under its operation.*

Remonstrances, however, he asserted, had been used, and an appeal had been made to the United States Government, which agreed with her Majesty's Government upon the unconstitutionality and injustice of the law, and remonstrated with the Legislature of South Carolina in regard to it. That remonstrance South Carolina met "by a message so violent in its nature, and by a resolution so angry and defiant, that a stop had been put to the renewal of all interference in the matter upon the part of the United States Government." Nevertheless, the British Minister at Washington continued his protest till he was told "that if England insisted upon the abrogation of the law, the United States Government would have no other course left open to them, except to give notice of the abrogation of the treaty which at present existed." And this threat seems to have been eminently successful, so that hereafter Great Britain will approach South Carolina, not demanding that the rights and persons of her subjects be respected, but in the attitude of a suppliant begging their High Mightinesses at Columbia—or wherever it is that they hold their Court—that they will vouchsafe to make the imprisonment of British sailors as light as circumstances will permit, and not sell them into Slavery if it could be conveniently avoided! The Lion, this time, certainly, roars as gently as a sucking dove.

Of course, this turn of affairs is eminently satisfactory at Charleston, as it ought to be. The *Courier* of that city, a few days ago, said of the case of Rueben Roberts, a British seaman, vs. the Sheriff of Charleston, whom he had sued, under the direction of Mr. Consul Mathew, for assault and battery:

We are gratified to learn, from an entirely reliable source, that the British government has had the good sense and the good feeling to order the discontinuance of this case, instituted by the British consul in this city, Mr. Mathew, to try the constitutionality and validity of our police-law in relation to free coloured seamen, cooks and stewards coming from a sister or foreign State into the ports of South Carolina. The case had reached the stage of an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, from the verdict of a jury sustaining the constitutionality of the law, under a charge of his Honour Judge Gilchrist to that effect. We had some time since learned, on senatorial authority, that Mr. Crampton, the British minister at Washington, had intimated that Mr. Mathew was proceeding against the wishes or without the sanction of the British government. This is now fully confirmed, as we learn that the instructions to withdraw the suit emanated from, or have been transmitted through, Mr. Crampton. We hail this pacific, friendly, and considerate course on the part of Great Britain as an augury of good; and, as an example, it ought not to be lost on the people of our northern and western sister States. If Great Britain, in all the majesty of her power, and in all her Anti-Slavery feeling, yields to the necessity of our police-law, surely our sister States should not be behind her either in justice or in comity.

The *Courier*, however, suggests that its Government, having carried its point, can afford to be magnanimous, and that some modification of the law should be made so as to render it less oppressive to foreigners. But whether this modification will be general, or whether an exception only will be made in regard to British seamen, we are not yet informed. Perhaps a proper submission will be required of Massachusetts, and other Northern States, before they will be permitted also to bask in the clemency of South Carolina. But should they presume, not only not to submit, but to offend again, as Massachusetts has once done already, we should shudder to contemplate the consequences were there the least probability of their ever so offending. The probability is that South Carolina has 'conquered a peace' not only with Great Britain, but with her sister States—if we may still use an expression of equality.

"FUGITIVES FROM LABOUR."—The advocates for the Anti-Slavery character of the Constitution make, or think they make, a strong point in the argument that that clause of the Constitution, in Sec. 3, Art. 4, relating to 'fugitives from labour' may apply to apprentices, and does not necessarily apply to slaves. The argument has, at least, done this good service, that the point will be judicially considered, and the practical meaning of the Constitution come to be, at length, positively decided by the Courts, and all reasonable doubts done away with. If it should ever be settled that the article in question does apply to apprentices, the next step may be that it does not apply to slaves, and should the door be once opened to innovations upon the popular construction of the Constitution, it may never be closed again till that instrument is made free from all positive or constructive support of Slavery. We acknowledge that we have not the least hope or expectation of this until Slavery is abolished, or a new Union created, though we should rejoice should we ever find ourselves mistaken. We are glad, however, to see the question raised, and the discussion carried on in the Courts, for good, we believe, will come of that, let the decision be as it may. We wish the Constitution were on the side of the Anti-Slavery Cause; but if it is not, as we maintain, the sooner that time comes the better, when history, argument and facts shall leave nothing on which to hang a doubt.

The question in relation to the rendition of an apprentice came up in a Commissioner's Court in this city, last week, and the return claimed under the clause above referred to and the Acts of 1793 and 1850. The result, however, was altogether unfavourable to this construction of the Constitution and the law. So far as this decision has any authority, it is settled not only that the return of fugitive slaves is provided for by the Constitution, but that Sec. 3, Art. 4, and the acts made in accordance with it, have no reference to apprentices. We copy below the summing-up of this case, from the law reports of the morning papers:

U. S. COMMISSIONER'S COURT.

Before GEORGE W. MORTON, U. S. Commissioner.

In the matter of John Van Orden, claimed as an apprentice, and arrested as a Fugitive from Service and Labour, by John Randall, of New Jersey.

This case came up originally before Mr. Commissioner Bridgham, on a warrant issued by him. The testimony and arguments were heard by him, but, before a decision, the papers were withdrawn; and, upon a new petition and affidavits, a warrant was issued, returnable before me at 11 A. M. on Friday.

On this hearing it was agreed, by the counsel for the claimant and apprentice, that the testimony taken before Mr. Bridgham should be received as evidence, with liberty to the counsel for the claimant to introduce new and further testimony as to the escape of the apprentice.

The counsel for the claimant contends that the words and meaning of Section 3, Art. 4, of the Constitution, and the Acts of 1793 and 1850, may possibly apply to fugitive slaves, but are infinitely more applicable to fugitive apprentices, servants, redemptioners, &c.

The statute makes it imperative upon the Commissioner to hear and determine cases of this nature in a summary manner.

Having been furnished, by the counsel for the claimant of the alleged fugitive, with the written evidence and papers, and having taken the additional testimony, and having listened attentively to the able arguments of the Messrs. Rosevelts, for the claimant, and those of Mr. W. A. Butler, P. Hamilton, and W. Q. Morton, for the alleged fugitive, and examined the various authorities cited, an opportunity has been afforded me of examining the subject with some care.

The evidence proves that the person claimed as a fugitive from service, was an apprentice under voluntary contract by indenture, to learn the making of shoes and came to New York without permission and refused to return.

This evidence does not describe a person "held to service or labour," within the meaning of the 3d section 4th article of the Constitution of the United States, and of the acts of Congress passed in 1793 and 1850.

The word "person" in the Constitution and in the sense used therein is synonymous with *slave*, and the whole scope and object of that clause of the instrument, in my judgment, is exhausted and answered in its application to Fugitive Slaves, exclusive of any and all other description of runaway servants.

In 1837, this clause of the Constitution was before the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of Prigg vs. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and the opinion delivered by Mr. Justice Story, and that of all the individual members of the Court, occupying almost one-third of 16 Peters' Report 611, has rendered it now impossible to hold other than that apprentices are wholly excluded from having been within the intention of the framers of the Constitution, and of the acts of Congress passed to carry out the true object of that clause—providing for the recovery of fugitives from justice, and fugitive slaves described as held to service or labour.

Mr. Justice Story, also, in his work upon the Constitution, when commenting upon the various clauses where slaves are described as persons in respect to their migration, importation, and scale of representations, expresses, in the most unequivocal terms, the the conclusions now recognised. No judicial decision appears to have been made directly upon the case of an apprentice, by any Judge of a United States Court. But the decision referred to gives so clear an intimation of what are the views of that tribunal, that it would not become a Commissioner to initiate a construction which would in truth be adding "to persons held to service or labour," the words. "including apprentices and all other servants."

The idea that apprentices, &c., were within the meaning of the Constitution, seems to have been taken up at a very recent period, as up to 1837, no vestige of its existence has been found. One or two cases are believed to have occurred within a few years, where Commissioners in other States have delivered up apprentices, but the only question there raised, was the validity of the indenture; and the question now presented was never raised or passed upon.

After as careful an investigation of the authorities cited and the able argument of the claimant's counsel, as the time would allow, the evidence and law of the case, in my judgment, does not warrant a certificate authorizing the claimant to remove the alleged fugitive or person back to the State from which he is said to have fled.

The apprentice, John Van Orden, is therefore discharged.

MRS. STOWE IN PARIS.—Our readers, we are sure, will be glad to learn that Mrs. STOWE is at present the guest of MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN, in Paris. It must, we are equally certain, have been gratifying to Mrs. Stowe herself to find in the French Capital an American lady of the highest intellectual, literary and social qualities, thoroughly acquainted with the Anti-Slavery Movement both in the United States and Europe, fully sympathizing with her in the great cause to which she has consecrated the best efforts of her genius, and ready to aid her with such counsel as she will naturally seek from one who has long and faithfully borne the Cross of Freedom and trodden before her the rugged path of the Anti-Slavery Reformer. We have no desire to proselyte Mr. Stowe to any of our peculiarties. Having the fullest confidence in her integrity and good sense, we feel very little anxiety in respect to the position which she may ultimately be led to occupy. But, knowing as we do that persons who love Sectarianism more than they do the Slave have done and will continue to do their worst to prejudice her against the thorough and uncompromising Abolitionists of the United States, we must regard as fortunate any circumstance which promises to enlarge her opportunities for studying their character and motives and forming an unprejudiced judgment of their principles and measures. The Anti-Slavery Society welcomes every influence that helps the cause along, asking for itself only a just appreciation of its motives and its labours. If Mrs. Stowe were ignorant of these, she might be unjust; but having made herself acquainted with some of our leading men before she left this country, having, as we hear, borne an undeviating testimony to their worth while in England, and having accepted now the hospitality of Mrs. Chapman in Paris, we may rightfully conclude that this new power in the Anti-Slavery world will never be misled to waste any of its forces in an alliance with sectarian intolerance.

SLAVE CASE AT INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.—A good deal of excitement was created, last week, in Indianapolis, by the arrest of one John Freeman, as a fugitive slave, on the affidavit of a slave-hunter from Kentucky, Pleasant Ellington by name. *The Journal* of that city gives this account of the case:

"The claimant omitted to state in his affidavit the time when his slave escaped. The counsel for Freeman moved to quash the affidavit for this defect. On motion, the claimant was permitted to amend the affidavit, fixing March, 1836, as the time of the escape. The counsel for Freeman had, in the meantime, procured a writ of Habeas Corpus to issue; upon which Freeman was brought before Hon. Stephen Major, Judge of the 5th Judicial Circuit, and time was given until yesterday, at 2 o'clock to plead. At two o'clock the counsel filed several pleas; among them, and the main one, is a positive allegation by Freeman, under oath, that he is a free man; and this plea sets forth and rests upon divers papers from guardians appointed by Courts of Virginia and Georgia, and upon Records of Courts under the seal thereof, beginning as far back as 1831, showing that he was and is a freeman. The counsel plead a large number of papers as evidence of the freedom of Freeman, and furnished copies to the claimant. Upon the filing of the pleas the counsel for claimant asked until to-day to reply.

"This is an exciting case. Freeman is a very respectable man—universally esteemed, and has acquired a handsome property since he came here in 1844. He brought with him and deposited in Bank on his arrival here $600—immediately bought property—married a sprightly girl, then living in the family of Rev. H. W. Beecher. Freeman has now a family of three little children, from whom, as the case stands, he is *not* very likely to be separated just yet."

THE WHITE HOUSE A HOUSE OF PRAYER.—There is no popular sin which the pro-slavery Church of this country will not justify or excuse in the occupant of a high official station, provided only that he is attentive to the outward forms which that Church has prescribed. Sometimes she will canonize an influential man and gloss over the lowest personal vices, in return for an empty and heartless compliment to the power of Christianity, while at the same time she will hurl her anathemas at the head of a reformer, however pure his life, who will not pronounce her shibboleths. Our popular divines are always running after men in authority, and eager to appropriate to the furtherance of their own sectarian plans any marks of external deference for the forms of religion which they may exhibit. We have an example of this in the following paragraph, communicated to the *Christian Mirror* by "A Pastor," and eagerly copied by other religious papers:

"I am sure that many parents will rejoice to know, on unquestionable authority, that the Presidential Mansion is a house of prayer. Daily social devotions, attended on Sabbath morning by all the inmates of the house, together with the constant recognition of God at table, while they mark the highest household in our land as exempt from the malediction pronounced against those 'families that call not upon the name' of Jehovah, may serve to encourage Christians and set a good example to all."

A BROTHER just returned from California says he was present in the congregation of brother Owen, when a babe in the arms of its mother began to cry. A thing so unusual in California attracted not a little attention, and the mother rose to retire. 'Don't leave,' said the preacher; 'the sound of that babe's voice is more interesting to many in this congregation than my own. It is, perhaps, the sweetest music many a man has heard since, a long time ago, he took leave of his distant home.' The effect was instantaneous and powerful, and a large portion of the congregation melted into tears.

SUMMARY

HON. JOHN P. HALE is to deliver an address before the Societies at Middlebury College commencement.

SINGING TO SOME PURPOSE.—It is reported that Miss Catharine Hayes has accumulated the sum of $45,000 by her concerts in California.

POST MISTRESS IN BEAVER.—Miss Jane Carter has been appointed Post Mistress at this place. The appointment, we believe, meets with entire satisfaction, from men of all parties—the disappointed applicants excepted.—*Beaver Arg.*

ON June 19, ten slaves, belonging to Robert C. Todd, Col. James Taylor, R. Slaughter, Mrs. Mary Winston, and Dr. Parker, citizens of Newport, Ky., made their escape from that place.

THE Albany *Evening Journal* states that Hon. Daniel Cady intends to retire from the bench of the Supreme Court on the first of January next. He is over 80 years of age, and has long ranked as one of the ablest lawyers and jurists in the country. He has been at the bar for 60 years.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON.—Col. Moses Hoagland, of Millersburg, Ohio, formerly member of Congress, has been appointed by President Pierce, Judge of Washington Territory, vice Hon. John K. Miller, resigned.

FEMALE PHYSICIAN.—At the late term of the Eclectic Medical College, Cincinnati, a diploma to practice medicine was given to Miss Caroline, daughter of Mr. Samuel Brown, of Utica. The *Observer* says she was one of the most thorough and accomplished students in a class of 308.

A MERCHANT who advertised for a clerk who could bear *confinement*, was answered by a man who had been seven years in State Prison. On refusing to take that as a qualification, he was advised to send for Queen Victoria.—*Philadelphia Register.*

EMANCIPATION.—The will of the late Gen. James Taylor, of Newport, Kentucky, disposes of property valued at $4,000,000, and gives freedom and property to more than twenty human beings and their posterity. Tardy as is this act of justice it will win for the donor the heartfelt blessings of the enfranchised and their children forever.—*Exchange.*

STUNG TO DEATH.—An interesting little girl, named Maria Wilkins, whose parents reside near the Miami river, O., about two miles from Fort Ancient, last week, while playing in the orchard with two of her brothers, who were stoning a hornet's nest, was attacked by the hornets, which stung her neck, shoulders, head and arms so badly that she died in about three hours afterwards, in the greatest agony.

MOST SHAMEFUL.—As our readers well remember, Mr. Benedict, of North Providence, a very zealous supporter of the Maine Law, was convicted of selling liquor. The conviction was obtained by direct perjury; one of the witnesses was indicted, and pleaded guilty, and he was sentenced to two years in the State Prison. The other, the *Tribune* informs us, has been elected a *Justice of the Peace!*

TOBACCO *vs.* PREACHING.—The Roxbury *Journal* says, according to the report of the expenditures of that city, it appears that more money is spent at the Almshouse for tobacco than preaching! The items of account, as quoted by the City Missionary, are as follows:

Howe & Leeds for Tobacco. $46 00
James Ritchie for Preaching. 35 00

FERNY.—A steamboat has lately been built at Pittsburg, named after the celebrated Fanny Fern. The Captain says the boat is an immense favorite—that he is satisfied there is much in a name, and that there is more in the name of Fanny Fern than any other name he knows of—that each state room is supplied with a copy of *Fern Leaves;* and that, finally, the next new State admitted into the Union will be named Fannyferniana.

A MODEL SLAVEHOLDING PREACHER.—*Rev.* Robert Jones, of Chambers County, Alabama, a preacher of the Methodist denomination, lately tied a negro man of his up to a tree and whipped him to death! After this, finding that neither God nor man would uphold him in his summary mode of sending a fellow-creature to Heaven, he ignominiously fled. The account of this barbarity is given in the Alabama *Herald.*

MEDICAL REFORMS.—At the recent meeting of the Philadelphia Medical Society, Dr. Carson, the President, expressed the hope that future discovery might bring out some simple vegetable remedy to take the place of mercury. He also took the bold ground that brandy, wine, and malt beverages were never necessary in the treatment of any affection whatever, and that there were no cases in which substitutes equally efficacious could not be found.

COLONISATION.—The Senate has passed a bill appropriating $1000 to the Colonisation Society. The House refused to pass the bill by 20 majority. A Committee of Conference has been appointed by both branches to discuss the matter. We trust that no appropriation will be made. Why not give the Temperance, Anti-Slavery, Tract and Bible Societies, $1000 each? Are they not as deserving of aid as the Colonisation Society?—*Hartford Republican.*

A WINDFALL.—Isaac Butler, of Vernon, in this county, a very poor, but very honest, worthy man, a Norwegian by birth, and for many years a sailor on the high seas, has recently received a letter from the Swedish and Norwegian Consul at New York, conveying to him the pleasing intelligence that, by the death of a relative in Norway, he is heir to $94,110. Mr. Butler is about 60 years of age, has no relatives in this country, and for the last twelve or fifteen years has resided at Vernon.—*Utica Herald.*

THE SLAVE-OWNER'S TESTAMENT.—It would be a gainful speculation for an enterprising publisher to get up, for circulation among serious slave-owners, a Family New Testament with the objectionable passages expurgated; the passages to be expunged as objectionable being those whereby the practices of buying, selling, flogging, and otherwise treating black men and women like beasts, or worse than beasts, is forbidden in the injunction to act towards others as we would have them act towards ourselves.—*Punch.*

SING OLD HUNDRED.—Not long since, a man of violent passions became enraged with a pair of cattle he was driving on his farm. He plied the whip without mercy, and the oaths he uttered were fearful. Finding his efforts useless, he concluded to stop short and sing *Old Hundred*. He then took up his whip and went to work without the least trouble, and his cattle were charmed into perfect submission.

It would save many a tumult in hearts, households, and nations, if men and women of like passions would pause, and *sing five minutes.* EXPERIENCE.

THE East Centre Schoolhouse, in Oakham, Mass., was struck by lightning on Wednesday, the 24th ult. There were forty scholars in it at the time. The fluid passed down the chimney, taking out the bricks on one side, then passing on the stove pipe, making a hole in the same, to the floor, where it tore up the boards, and passed through to the ground in several places, and, what is most remarkable, no one was injured! A little girl, but a moment preceding the stroke, was removed by the teacher from a seat struck by the lightning, and thus providentially escaped injury and probable death.

ANOTHER NEW TERRITORY.—The Washington *Union* contains a communication from Henry R. Schoolcraft, Esq., in which he describes a section of country which is known by the name of Alharra. He says it is an attractive, well-timbered and fertile area of country, lying immediately west of the Rocky Mountains, in mild, temperate latitudes, to which, for the purpose of distinct allusion, he applies the aboriginal term. The area is about fifty miles broad, and lies parallel to the Rocky Mountains for a distance of several hundred miles. This district probably comprehends twenty-five thousand square miles, and, if its capacities of production have been correctly estimated, would sustain a population greater than some of the Eastern and Atlantic States.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND TEACHERS.—The Massachusetts Legislature have established State Scholarships to aid in educating young men, in school and college, for Principal Teachers of the High Schools of the Commonwealth. The act provides that $100 a year, for four years, shall be paid to forty-eight young men, selected by the Board of Education and the Senator of the district, and recommended by the School Committee of their respective towns, to aid them in getting a collegiate education; and $25 a quarter for two quarters after leaving college, to pay expenses at a Normal School. The Board of Education are to meet in January next, for the purpose of districting the State.

A FEARFUL FRAY.—Dr. J. A. Kelly was in a groggery drinking in Millard, Knox Co., O., on the 20th ult., when his maiden sister, Elizabeth, went to the door to call him home. She was abusively ordered to go home and mind her business, when she picked up two or three stones and threw them among the decanters, breaking two or three of them, and then started for home. The rumseller caught a revolver from his bar, chased her, and fired four shots at her, one ball lodging in her thigh, whence it cannot be extracted, and another inflicting a similar wound on a young boy, Moffit, who was sitting quietly on his stoop some doors from the groggery. The wounds are both very painful. The rumseller was arrested and held to bail in the sum of $2,000.

AN Emancipation Case was heard before Judge Warren, of the Cincinnati Probate Court, recently. J. Hall, of Arkansas, filed a petition praying for the custody of Miss Charity A. Hall, aged nine years. The petitioner, finding himself reduced in circumstances, brought Mary Hall, his slave, the mother of the child, to Ohio, there emancipated her, and purchased property in Hamilton and Brown counties for her support. At her death, a respectable coloured man, with whom she had resided, took out letters of administration, and was appointed guardian of the child, who is now a lively, little, light mulatto girl. Petitioner, who acknowledges himself the father of the little girl, claimed to have custody of her. The Judge refused the application. The motive of the white father in wishing to obtain possession of his coloured child and former slave is not stated.

SUNDAY LIQUOR TRAFFIC *vs.* SUNDAY BLACKSMITHING.—A question of Sunday morals was decided by the Police in the neighbourhood of the Crystal Palace, last Sunday, after this wise: Several Irishmen, blacksmiths, commenced work in their shop in Seventh Avenue, which is situated among a series of low groggeries of the most objectionable kind, thinking that they had as good a right to earn an honest penny at their somewhat noisy trade, on the Sabbath, as their immediate neighbours had to earn money by selling rum, and stimulating quarrels and brutal fights among drunken men, victims of their lust of gain. The Police thought differently, for in a burst of moral zeal these worthies seized the blacksmiths and hurried them off to the lock-up, where they remained over night. Yet the groggeries were permitted to remain unmolested all day, and were the scene of much brutality and noise in the evening.—*Tribune.*

SINGULAR LAKES.—The Crater Lakes in the town Manlius, Onondaga County, New-York, are curiosities, and supposed to be of volcanic origin. They are, by the inhabitants about there, called the "Green Lakes." One of them is on the top of a hill, and is in the form of a tea-cup. The banks are two hundred feet high, and the water four hundred feet deep. The water appears of a deep green, but when taken up in a glass it is perfectly clear and transparent. Trees and limbs which fall into the water soon become encrusted with a bright green substance; which on being exposed to the air becomes hard. The timber decays and leaves this incrustation in the shape of hollow tubes. Wood saturated with this water and burned emits a strong odour of sulphur. A farmer, who resides near, once heard a great rush of water, and looking round, saw the lake rising over the banks. He was alarmed, and fled with his team; but the water soon receded to its usual level.—*Phila. Register.*

CURIOUS DOCUMENTS.—Mr. Randall, the Secretary of State, has obtained possession of very valuable additions to our Revolutionary History, which the Library Committee of the Senate and Assembly, and other gentlemen were lately invited to examine at the mansion of J. V. L. Pruyn, Esq., at Albany. Among the manuscripts is the "Treasonable Correspondence found concealed in Major Andre's Boot, when that officer was searched by his Captors," Paulding, Williams and Van Wirt. The papers consist of an enumeration of the number and disposition of American troops at West Point; and a description of the fortifications, with suggestions in regard to weak and exposed points. There is also the pass from Gen. Arnold, under which Andre, as "Mr. John Smith," was travelling. Andre, it will be recollected, having obtained his information from the traitor, was on his way back with it to the British commander-in-chief.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE OLDEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.—The Charleston *Standard* thinks that Mrs. Singleton, now living in the Williamsburgh District, in that State, is the oldest woman in the world. She is now in the *one hundred and thirty-first* year of her age. Her mental faculties are still unimpaired, and she retains all her senses except that of sight, of which she was deprived at the advanced age of ninety-nine years, by an attack of the measles. Her bodily energy exhibits no diminution for many years, she being still able to walk briskly about the room. She has outlived all her children—her oldest descendant living being a grand-daughter, over sixty years old. The first grand-daughter, of this grand-daughter, if now living, would be over sixteen years of age.

TRUTH WELL SPOKEN.—The Buffalo *Republic* (Dem.) gives the following as the fruits of the Fugitive Slave Act:

"There is at this day, all through the Free States, four times the sympathy for fugitive slaves that there was in 1849. This increase of sympathy produces a corresponding increase of facilities for safe escape, when once the runaway is out of the territy of slavedom. And even those who are prejudiced against an increase of coloured population, and would, on that account, send information to masters of runaway slaves, will do no such thing now, but rather help them over the line, as a most ready way of getting clear of them. And we do not suppose that there is a ferryman on the whole frontier that would not take one of them across free, merely for cheating a cruel statute of its victim, whereas, three years ago, he would have had either a shilling or the hat."

PLAIN TALK.—Rev. Nathaniel Howe, of Hopkinton, Mass., was famous for talking with great directness of speech. In one of his published discourses we find the following passage, which was addressed to his people: "Your habits are so firmly fixed, that no reformation is to be expected during my ministry; and, indeed, it would require more power in the Deity to effect it, than it did to create the world, for when he created the world, he had only to say, 'Let there be light, and there was light.' *He had no opposition.* But to bring you to a sense of justice and equity, he must overcome your private personal attachment to your supposed worldly interest, and that would require more *power* than it did to create the world!"

DEATH OF A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.—Jonathan Overton, a coloured man and a soldier of the Revolution, died at this place yesterday at the advanced age of one hundred and one years. The deceased served under Washington, and was at the battle of Yorktown, besides other less important engagements. He was deservedly held in great respect by our citizens, for apart from the feeling of veneration which every American must entertain for the scanty remnant of Revolutionary heroes, of which death is fast depriving us, the deceased was personally worthy of the esteem and consideraton of our community. He has lived among us longer than the ordinary period allotted to human life, and always sustained a character for honesty, industry, and integrity. It is not always that the eulogies or epitaphs of persons in much more exalted positions than his, contain so much truth as in this brief tribute to the humble and patriotic negro. His remains will be interred this evening. We learn that several gentlemen have made arrangements to have the burial accompanied by every mark of respect.—*Edenton (N. C.) Whig.*

MADE AN EFFORT.—So frequent a thing is it in these days that we hear of runaways of slaves on the other side, that we have hardly thought it worth while to record them. On Sunday night, two of the slaves (father and son) of Mr. Sylvester Singleten, living near Burlington, left the house of their master for the promised land in Canada, and on the Monday following he came over to look for them here. On making a searching inquiry, he found that two darkies answering their description, dressed in women's clothes, had taken passage on the second class cars for Columbus that morning. Mr. Singleton telegraphed to a friend in Columbus to detain them, if he could, until the next train of cars arrived. That friend found them, and, under pretence of getting a recommend for them from a prominent Abolitionist in that place to a powerful friend in Canada—one that would receive them with open arms—kept them so long they were left behind the cars. The next train of cars brought Mr. Singleton, who secured his slaves and took them back home.—*Cin. Enq.*

TOBACCO AND THE MINISTRY.—The community of Harrisburg, Pa., and the public generally, were recently scandalized by the fact that, during the session of the Philadelphia Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, groups of clergymen were seen in the streets, sometimes arm in arm, smoking cigars! thus emulating and stimulating the practices of the rowdies and rummies of the land.

Last week, the editor attended the Rochester Yearly Conference of the Wesleyan Connection, which embraces forty churches and pastors. Not one man of them was seen smoking in the streets of Penn Yan, N. Y., and on the introduction of an anti-tobacco resolution and pledge of abstinence, the few who had indulged the practice, united in an unanimous vote, by yeas and nays, to abstain hereafter. One old brother did vote nay, but hoped the others would vote aye! An able committee was appointed to prepare an essay on the immorality of the common use of tobacco, to be reported at their next session.

As the ministers of a religion that is pure and undefiled, and as reformers opposed to all sinful and hurtful practices, this course is a most consistent and creditable one. We rejoice in it.—*Wesleyan.*

HARD WORDS.—When Prof. Stuart, late of Andover, was a settled minister at New Haven, he was one day waited upon by a parishioner of his, who complained that he preached in language which many of his hearers could not understand. "Indeed, I was not aware of that," said the Professor; "I have always intended to be understood; I should be sorry to think otherwise." "I dare say you would, Sir," replied the other, "but it really is the case, notwithstanding; though perhaps you may not be aware of it yourself." "I certainly am not," rejoined the Professor; "I do not recollect any langunge of mine in the pulpit above the most ordinary comprehension." "Ah," said the pious parishioner, "how very apt we are to deceive ourselves. We can never see our own faults. Now I can recollect a great many instances where you have preached in a language quite too high flown for your hearers—I mean the majority of them—though I could make it out pretty well myself." "What are the instances," asked the Professor, mildly. "Oh, they are a great many," returned the parishioner. "Will you be so good as to name one of them," asked the Professor. "Why, yes, since you insist upon it," replied the parishioner, very confidently. "I'll name one very noted instance. It was only last Sabbath day you said in your sermon, 'Procrastination is the thief of time.' *Now, the women and niggers can't understand that.*"

MEN AND WOMEN STEALERS ABOUT.—Some practical Hunkers from the State of Missouri, encouraged we suppose by the slave-catching tone of the *Democrat*, have recently paid our city a visit, and are now prowling around in this vicinity for the purpose of carrying off any fugitive that may be in our midst. They left yesterday for Kenosha for aid, and to ascertain whether there were any runaways in that vicinity. They have a trunk with them well filled with handcuffs and other emblems of patriotism and loyalty to the Administration. The victim whom they want to grab has been conversed with by the pretended owner, and promised her freedom if she will go back and serve five years more. She, like a fool, prefers to remain free, having already worked for nothing some 18 or 20 years.

They have a nice way of getting on with their plan: they go to the houses of the coloured people and inquire for help, they are very anxious to obtain *coloured* help. There are a plenty of white people who would be glad to work at reasonable rates, but they are not the help wanted. These fellows should be watched. One of these is a short thick-set fellow, with dark hair and sandy whiskers; he looks very much like a "compromise" man. He reads the *Democrat* with a very saintly look, and thinks that the man who writes the editorials would make an excellent preacher down South, where whiskey is cheap. Give him a sharp look.—*Racine (Wis.) Advocate, June* 8.

SPECIMENS OF YOUR WORK.—The carpenter who builds a fine house, points to it with pride, and says, "I built it." The Blacksmith who makes a good plow, calls to his neighbour, the farmer, and says, "I made it." The Shoemaker holds up the glistening, neatly fitting boot, and says, "It's my manufacture." The Physician, with equal pride, says of the poor dyspeptic, "I cured him." The Surgeon holds up the stump of the unfortunate man's arm, and with much self-complacency says, "I amputated it." The Lawyer details the intricacies of the suit, and delights in saying, "I gained it." Even the Barber shows his ivory and exclaims of the well cut hair, "I trimmed it." Every mechanic capable of doing a good job; every professional man skillful in his profession; every man, of whatever lawful occupation, is proud of exhibiting "specimens of his work," with *one exception.* The Rumseller, supported as he is by the laws of the land in his employment, never points to the specimens of *his* work, and says, "I did it." The drunkard may wallow in the gutter before his door; the wife may die broken-hearted, and the children be driven to beggary and crime; but although these "jobs" may be turned out according to the most approved patterns contemplated in his license, yet he will always *deny his work.* "They are not specimens of my work." No, indeed! Wonder if our "drunkard-makers" could not be induced to present a few specimens for a premium at the World's Fair. If we could find one who would own *his work*, we would make a fortune by exhibiting him as one of the "seven wonders."—*Tennessee State Sentinel.*

PUBLIC SQUARES OF PHILADELPHIA.—The civic authorities, solicitous of the public weal, have stocked the public squares with peacocks and squirrels which are cared for at the public cost.

While the children are carrying on in the graveled walks, it is not unusual to see a gorgeous peacock on the lawn hoist sail, and array his starry feathers, glittering in purple, green, and gold, like a huge concave mirror. He then makes a backward strut (such as vain people always do), and is delightfully occupied with the fantastic display of his own splendours. Its coarse, scaly feet, and harsh, discordant voice, are significant offsets to the magnificent bird of Juno, which although beautiful to behold, is really grovelling in its propensities, and cruel in its nature. Occasionally, above the merry chimes of the children, the harsh, wild scream of the peacock is heard, and if there are any young Messalinas, Hippodamias, or Lucretia Borgias in the crowd, they might profit by the note of warning, and bear in mind that beauty and cruelty often go hand in hand together. As to the squirrels, two varieties have been placed in the squares, the grey and the black. In their wild state, squirrels of these different complexions keep apart; but a partial domestication has overcome their natural prejudice and antipathy, and they have here entered into habits of fellowship and love. The Chairman of the Committee on Public Squirrels discovered this fact a few days ago; for, in one of his official visits, he ascertained that of four young squirrels in a nest, two were black and two grey. What his report upon it will be, and his speculation on this curious fact in natural history, everybody will be anxious to hear. He merely ordered two of the supernumeraries to be transported to Logan Square.

A happy city is this, truly, where the highest functionaries can leisurely devote their attention to the innocent recreation of raising warrens of squirrels, and braces of peacocks; while in a neighbouring metropolis, the conscript fathers of the people pursue a more profitable game, and lay immunitive hands upon the *spolia optima* of office.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

DEATHS.

BEECHER.—In Brooklyn, July 4, Arthur Howard and Alfred Rowan, twin sons of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FOR THE STANDARD,

From May 1st to July 1st.

718	Greenfield Iden, Sherwood, N. Y.	2 00
640	R Hunt, Cannonsville, "	1 00
676	John Benton, New Concord, Ohio.	2 00
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677	Wm. Munn, Newburg, Ohio,	3 75
728	Mary Willard, Deerfield, Mass.	2 00
679	C. J. Wright, Dean's Corners, N. Y.	1 00
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718	A. F. Laing, Plainfield, N. Y.	2 00
679	Esther Wade, Williamson, "	12
730	John Young, Newton,	2 00
708	Female A. S. Society, Weymouth, Mass	4 00
729	Samuel May, Jr., Leicester, "	4 00
712	John Dyslin, Newville, N. Y.	3 00
526	D. H. White, New Brunswick, N. J.	1 00
719	Joseph Barker, Millwood, Knox Co., Ohio	5 00
714	Abiel Chandler (omitted from April), Concord, N. H.	3 00
735	Joseph Trevor (corrected from April), Lockport, N. Y.	2 00
731	Thomas J. Seaman, Babylon, L. I.	2 00
708	Abby H. Gibbons, New York City,	2 00
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728	Henry Titus, Jericho, L. I.	2 00
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731	Henry Guild, Dedham, Mass.	2 00
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729	Edmund Quincy, "	2 00
624	Miss Eliza A. Rogers, N. Bellerica, Mass.	2 00
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650	John C. Merritt, Farmingdale, L. I.	1 00
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689	James Brown, New York City,	50
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678	Anson A. Swift, Florence, Mass.	5 00
712	Hanford Smith, Lake Ridge, N. Y.	2 00
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574	John W. Lyon, Cleveland, "	5 00
728	Joseph Carpenter, Mamaroneck, N. Y.	2 00
		$242 57

DONATIONS.

Rufus T. King, N. Y. City (pledge at An. Meet.)	5 00
Henrietta M. Palmer, Williamsburgh, N. Y.	3 00
Joseph Trevor (omitted last month)	1 00
John Begbie, Newark, N. J.	1 00
Henry Willis, Jericho, L. I.	3 90
Donations pledged at Annual Meeting.	
Joseph Post, North Hempstead, L. I	10 00
Mary Post, " "	5 00
Catherine Post, " "	5 00
Collections by J. H. Phileo.	
Caroline Ryder, Jerusalem Hill, Herk. Co. N. Y.	1 00
Nancy Dyslin, Newville, N. Y.	1 50
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Collections at—Fly Creek, Otsego Co. N. Y.	5 21
Fork Mills, "	1 81
Cooperstown, "	2 00
West Hartwick, "	1 15
Christian Hill, "	50
Oppenheim, Fulton Co. N. Y.	3 40
Manheim, Herkimer Co. "	3 00
Newville, " "	4 00
Paine's Hollow, " "	1 48
Illion, " "	3 18
Jerusalem, " "	1 14
Collections at Ann. Meeting, New York City,	148 65
	$211 02

RECAPITULATION.

Receipts for The Standard,	$242 57
Donations and Collections,	211 02
Total,	$453 59

Female Medical College of Pennsylvania.

FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION.

THE next course of lectures in this Institution will commence on Sarurday, October 1st, 1853, and continue *five months* (21 weeks), closing on the 25th of February, 1854.

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Ellwood Harvey, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine.
Hilbern Darlington, M. D., Professor of Surgery.
Ann Preston, M. D., Professor of Physiology.
Edwin Fussell, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.
Mark G. Kerr, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.
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Old England seems about to take an attitude which will grandly become the flag which has braved a thousand years. She quails not before the rising storm which threatens all Constitutional Governments. Having, under the leading of the "great Commoner," Sir Robert Peel (the wisest statesman she ever had), broken the worst and strongest of the bonds of Aristocratic Monopoly—and lowered a little way (yet enough to show that they are not impregnable) the old walls of Privilege—she now calls to *all* her children, and sets her house in order; while preparing to meet, if it should come, the shock of the combined Despotisms who long to destroy the only Free Press which moves in the Old World. And we gladly see that, wise at last, her statesmen and writers now turn, with kinder eyes and more loving hearts, to the long-neglected and despised "little band," which, two hundred years ago, wandered from their island home, led and supported by Divine Providence, to become a great nation in "the wilderness."

While these vast interests impend in the Old World (now become Neighbour of the New), we are grappling with questions new and portentous, which arise out of the decay of Spain and the decomposition of Mexico; out of our colonisation upon the Pacific Ocean, and its consequences to all that border on California and Oregon; as well as with the interests, vital to ourselves and yet world-wide, connected with highways across the Continent and over the Isthmus, communicating with our brothers on the Western Coast of America, as well as with the dense masses of Asia.

Our domestic politics have been hushed by a concurrence of opposite causes. And now, while the array of political gladiators, almost stript of old party names, is looking out for new watchwords and new leaders, the whole sound and intelligent community is anxiously hoping that the new President may show himself competent to lead the public wisely; to decide justly and prudently the grave and weighty questions which concern our American relations; and to stand before the Powers of Europe as the calm and steadfast Representative of a mighty Republic.

The times calls for the establishment, in the United States, of a Journal of the highest character, which shall record, in a form suitable for preservation, History as it passes by us.

In undertaking to do this, we shall not only compile, from the best sources, such a summary of events as will contain everything interesting and attractive, and make The Franklin a popular and Family newspaper, but shall draw largely from the speculations and opinions of leading Journals, both in Europe and America. Far from confining its pages to State Documents, or to Great Events—to such papers as the correspondence with Hulsemann, or that upon the Tripartite Treaty; or (to go further back), to that which defeated the Quintuple Treaty, and probably prevented war with Europe—we hope that they may faithfully reflect the Men and Women of the Present Day, in form and even in colour, as they live; by showing what they say and do, in all matters which concern not only the Fashion of the Time, but the Heart of Man.

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Conservative, in so far as we desire to hold on to what has been tried and proved to be good (which is the only means of sure and steady progress), we are Progressive—considering that to be our nature, and the end of our being.

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PROCEEDINGS of PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

The Proceedings, in pamphlet form, of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, recently held at Old Kennett, embracing the Minutes, the Exposition of Sentiments, the Testimonies on Slavery, Intemperance, War, Tobacco, &c., and the letters addressed to the body by W. L. Garrison, C. M. Clay, Theodore Parker and others, may be had of Oliver Johnson, at the Anti-Slavery Office, 142 Nassau street, Price, 10 cents single, $1 per dozen.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE NOBLE SAVAGE.

To come to the point at once, I beg to say that I have not the least belief in the Noble Savage. I consider him a prodigious nuisance, and an enormous superstition. His calling rum fire-water, and me a pale-face, wholly fail to reconcile me to him. I don't care what he calls me. I call him a savage, and I call a savage a something highly desirable to be civilized off the face of the earth. I think a mere gent (which I take to be the lowest form of civilization) better than a howling, whistling, clucking, stamping, jumping, tearing savage. It is all one to me, whether he sticks a fishbone through his visage, or bits of trees through the lobes of his ears, or birds' feathers in his head; whether he flattens his hair between two boards, or spreads his nose over the breadth of his face, or drags his lower lip down by great weights, or blackens his teeth, or knocks them out, or paints one cheek red and the other blue, or tattoos himself, or oils himself, or rubs his body with fat, or crimps it with knives. Yielding to whichsoever of these agreeable eccentricities, he is a savage—cruel, false, thievish, murderous; addicted more or less to grease, entrails, and beastly customs; a wild animal with the questionable gift of boasting; a conceited, tiresome, blood-thirsty, monotonous humbug.

Yet it is extraordinary to observe how some people will talk about him, as they talk about the good old times; how they will regret his disappearance, in the course of this world's development, from such and such lands where his absence is a blessed relief and an indispensable preparation for the sowing of the very first seeds of any influence that can exalt humanity; how, even with the evidence of himself before them, they will either be determined to believe, or will suffer themselves to be persuaded into believing, that he is something which their five senses tell them he is not.

There was Mr. Catlin, some few years ago, with his Ojibbeway Indians. Mr. Catlin was an energetic earnest man, who had lived among more tribes of Indians than I need reckon up here, and who had written a picturesque and glowing book about them. With his party of Indians squatting and spitting on the table before him, or dancing their miserable jigs after their own dreary manner, he called, in all good faith, upon his civilized audience to take notice of their symmetry and grace, their perfect limbs, and the exquisite expression of their pantomine; and his civilized audience, in all good faith, complied and admired. Whereas, as mere animals, they were wretched creatures, very low in the scale and very poorly formed; and as men and women possessing any power of truthful dramatic expression by means of action, they were no better than the chorus at an Italian Opera in England—and would have been worse if such a thing were possible.

Mine are no new views of the noble savage. The greatest writers on natural history found him out long ago. Buffon knew what he was, and showed why he is the sulky tyrant that he is to his women, and how it happens (Heavens be praised!) that his race is spare in numbers. For evidence of the quality of his moral nature, pass himself for a moment and refer to his "faithful dog." Has he ever improved a dog, or attached a dog, since his nobility first ran wild in woods, and was brought down (at a very long shot) by Pope? Or does the animal that is the friend of man, always degenerate in his low society?

It is not the miserable nature of the noble savage that is the new thing; it is the whimpering over him with maudlin admiration, and the affecting to regret him, and the drawing of any comparison of advantage between the blemishes of civilization and the tenor of his swinish life. There may have been a change now and then in those diseased absurdities, but there is none in him.

Think of the Bushmen. Think of the two men and the two women who have been exhibited about England for some years. Are the majority of persons—who remember the horrid little leader of that party in his festering bundle of hides, with his filth and his antipathy to water, and his straddled legs, and his odious eyes shaded by his brutal hand, and his cry of "Qu-u-u-u-aaa!" (Bosjesman for something desperately insulting I have no doubt)—conscious of an affectionate yearning towards that noble savage, or is it idiosyncratic in me to abhor, detest, abominate, and abjure him? I have no reserve on this subject, and will frankly state that, setting aside that stage of the entertainment when he counterfeited the death of some creature he had shot, by laying his head on his hand and shaking his left leg—at which time I think it would have been justifiable homicide to slay him—I have never seen that group sleeping, smoking, and expectorating round their brazier, but I have sincerely desired that something might happen to the charcoal smouldering therein, which would cause the immediate suffocation of the whole of the noble strangers.

There is at present a party of Zulu Kaffirs exhibiting at the St. George's Gallery, Hyde Park Corner, London. These noble savages are represented in a most agreeable manner; they are seen in an elegant theatre, fitted with appropriate scenery of great beauty, and they are described in a very sensible and unpretending lecture, delivered with a modesty which is quite a pattern to all similar exponents. Though extremely ugly, they are much better shaped than such of their predecessors as I have referred to; and they are rather picturesque to the eye, though far from odoriferous to the nose. What a visitor left to his own interpretings and imaginings might suppose these noblemen to be about, when they give vent to that pantomimic expression which is quite settled to be the natural gift of the noble savage, I cannot possibly conceive; for it is so much too luminous for my personal civilization that it conveys no idea to my mind beyond a general stamping, ramping, and raving, remarkable (as everything in savage life is) for its dire uniformity. But let us—with the interpreter's assistance, of which I for one stand so much in need—see what the noble savage does in Zulu Kaffirland.

The noble savage sets a king to reign over him, to whom he submits his life and limbs without a murmur or question, and whose whole life is passed chin deep in a lake of blood; but who, after killing incessantly, is in his turn killed by his relations and friends, the moment a gray hair appears on his head. All the noble savage's wars with his fellow-savages (and he takes no pleasure in anything else), are wars of extermination—which is the best thing I know of him, and the most comfortable to my mind when I look at him. He has no moral feelings of any kind, sort, or description; and his "mission" may be summed up as simply diabolical.

The ceremonies with which he faintly diversifies his life are, of course, of a kindred nature. If he wants a wife he appears before the kennel of the gentleman whom he has selected for his father-in-law, attended by a party of male friends of a very strong flavour, who screech and whistle and stamp an offer of so many cows for the young lady's hand. The chosen father-in-law—also supported by a high-flavoured party of male friends—screeches, whistles, and yells (being seated on the ground, he can't stamp) that there never was such a daughter in the market as his daughter, and that he must have six more cows. The son-in-law and his select circle of backers, screech, whistle, stamp, and yell in reply, that they will give three more cows. The father-in-law (an old deluder, overpaid at the beginning) accepts four, and rises to bind the bargain. The whole party, the young lady included, then falling into epileptic convulsions, and screeching, whistling, stamping, and yelling together—and nobody taking any notice of the young lady (whose charms are not to be thought of without a shudder)—the noble savage is considered married, and his friends make demoniacal leaps at him by way of congratulation.

When the noble savage finds himself a little unwell, and mentions the circumstance to his friends, it is immediately perceived that he is under the influence of witchcraft. A learned personage, called an Imyanger or Witch Doctor, is immediately sent for to Nooker the Umtargartie, or smell out the witch. The male inhabitants of the kraal being seated on the ground, the learned doctor, got up like a grizzly bear, appears, and administers a dance of a most terrific nature, during the exhibition of which remedy he incessantly gnashes his teeth, and howls: "I am the original physician to Nooker the Umtargartie. Yow yow yow! No connection with any other establishment. Till till till! All other Umtargarties are feigned Umtargarties, Boroo Boroo! but I perceive here a genuine and real Umtargartie, Hoosh Hoosh Hoosh! in whose blood I, the original Imyanger and Nookerer, Blizzerum Boo! will wash these bear's claws of mine. O yow yow yow!" All this time the learned physician is looking out among the attentive faces for some unfortunate man who owes him a cow, or who has given him any small offence, or against whom, without offence, he has conceived a spite. Him he never fails to Nooker as the Umtargartie, and he is instantly killed. In the absence of such an individual, the usual practice is to Nooker the quietest and most gentlemanly person in company. But the nookering is invariably followed on the spot by the butchering.

Some of the noble savages in whom Mr. Catlin was so strongly interested, and the diminution of whose numbers, by rum and small-pox, greatly affected him, had a custom not unlike this, though much more appalling and disgusting in its odious details.

The women being at work in the fields, hoeing the Indian corn, and the noble savage being asleep in the shade, the chief has sometimes the condescension to come forth, and lighten the labour by looking at it. On these occasions he seats himself in his own savage chair, and is attended by his shield-bearer: who holds over his head a shield of cowhide—in shape like an immense muscle shell—fearfully and wonderfully, after the manner of a theatrical supernumerary. But lest the great man should forget his greatness in the contemplation of the humble works of agriculture, there suddenly rushes in a poet, retained for the purpose, called a Praiser. This literary gentleman wears a leopard's head over his own, and a dress of tigers' tails; he has the appearance of having come express on his hind legs from Zoological Gardens; and he incontinently strikes up the chief's praises, plunging and tearing all the while. There is a frantic wickedness in this brute's manner of worrying the air, and gnashing out "Oh what a delightful chief he is! O what a delicious quantity of blood he sheds! O how majestically he laps it up! O how charmingly cruel he is! O how he tears the flesh of his enemies and crunches the bones! O how like the tiger and the leopard and the wolf and the bear he is! O, rew row row row, how fond I am of him!" which might tempt the Society of Friends to charge at a hand-gallop into the Swartz-Kop location and exterminate the whole kraal.

When war is afoot among the noble savages—which is always—the chief holds a counsel to ascertain whether it is the opinion of his brothers and friends in general that the enemy shall be exterminated. On this occasion, after the performance of an Umsebeuza, or war song—which is exactly like all the other songs—the chief makes a speech to all his brothers and friends, arranged in single file. No particular order is observed during the delivery of this address, but every gentleman who finds himself excited by the subject, instead of crying "Hear, hear!" as is the custom with us, darts from the rank and tramples out the life, or crushes the skull, or mashes the face, or scoops out the eyes, or breaks the limbs, or performs a whirlwind of atrocities on the body of an imaginary enemy. Several gentlemen becoming thus excited at once, and pounding away without the least regard to the orator, that illustrious person is rather in the position of an orator in an Irish House of Commons. But, several of these scenes of savage life bear a strong generic resemblance to an Irish election, and I think would be extremely well received and understood at Cork.

In all these ceremonies the noble savage holds forth to the utmost possible extent about himself; from which (to turn him to some civilized account) we may learn, I think, that as Egotism is one of the most offensive and contemptible littlenesses a civilized man can exhibit, so it is really incompatible with the interchange of ideas; inasmuch as if we all talked about ourselves we should soon have no listeners, and must be all yelling and screeching at once on our own separate accounts: making society hideous. It is my opinion that if we retained in us anything of the noble savage, we could not get rid of it too soon. But the fact is clearly otherwise. Upon the wife and dowry question, substituting coin for cows, we have assuredly nothing of the Zulu Kaffir left. The endurance of despotism is one great distinguishing mark of a savage always. The improving world has quite got the better of that too. In like manner, Paris is a civilized city, and the Theatre Francais a highly civilized theatre; and we shall never hear, and never have heard in these latter days (of course) of the Praiser *there*. No, no, civilized poets, have better work to do. As to Nookering Umtargarties, there are no pretended Umtargarties in Europe, and no European Powers to Nooker them; that would be mere spydom, subornation, small malice, superstition, and false pretence. And as to private Umtargarties, are we not in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-three, with spirits rapping at our doors?

To conclude as I began. My position is, that if we have anything to learn from the Noble Savage, it is what to avoid. His virtues are a fable; his happiness is a delusion; his nobility, nonsense. We have no greater justification for being cruel to the miserable object, than for being cruel to a William Shakspeare or an Isaac Newton; but he passes away before an immeasurably better and higher power than ever ran wild in any earthly woods, and the world will be all the better when his place knows him no more.—*Household Words.*

ST. CHRISTOPHER.

Every Saint has his day. The one whose name we have placed at the head of this article was formerly the most distinguished male dignitary of the Romish calendar. He was the Hercules of Western Christendom. As the impersonation of force, the men of feudal times worshipped him quite as much as they did any member of the Trinity; and pregnant women prayed to him rather than to the Virgin Mary. His statue always had an honoured place. Fragments are still preserved of the immense ones which stood before the cathedral doors at Erfurt, Auxerre and Paris. The one at Notre Dame at Paris was broken to pieces in 1793, by the revolutionists, who wished to typify by this act the destruction of the domination of Might over Right. They were too fast: even in our own country, there are many secret worshippers of St. Christopher; many politicians, tradesmen, clergymen, and others, who prefer what is Strong to what is Just, cringe to the *ins* and cock their hats fiercely at the *outs*, kick everybody that has no friends, and hoot at eternal truth so long as it is not sanctioned by the powers that be.

If we may believe the Catholic tradition, as it comes down to us in the works of Voragine, the holy Archbishop of Genoa, St. Christopher, like a modern office-hunter, had his own troubles in finding the strongest party. He was a double-fisted Canaanite, twelve cubits high, and ignorant as a heathen. First he entered into the service of a mighty king, the greatest monarch on earth. But seeing his master cross himself and turn pale on hearing the name of the devil, he abandoned him without scruple, and deserted to his Satanic majesty. In this new service he was content, until an incident occurred which showed him how rash he had been. He was following the devil along the high road, when the sight of a cross threw his leader into trepidation, and made him take a long circuit through the fields in order to avoid the hateful object. Christopher demanded an explanation on the spot, and, when Satan hesitated to answer, told him: "If you won't tell me what I ask, I quit you." Then the devil said, "It was on the cross that Jesus Christ died, and when I see it, I am afraid and flee away." Then was Christopher filled with sadness, and exclaimed bitterly, "Then this Christ whose cross has frightened you, is more powerful than you are. Alas! it is but too true that all my trouble has been in vain, and that I have not yet found the greatest prince in the world. Good-bye! I am going to hunt for Jesus Christ." After having hunted everywhere, without success, a hermit promised to lead him to Christ. His first command was to fast; but Christopher said he wouldn't do that for anybody. His second was to pray; but Christopher didn't know how, and said that would bore him terribly. At last the hermit, who had never found such a hard case, sent him down to a ford on one of the necks of the Red Sea, with orders to work out his salvation by carrying wayfarers across on his back. This suited the bent of the neophyte's genius, and down he went to the ford, where he attended most diligently to his business. But one day, as he was lying on the floor of his cabin, he heard the soft voice of a child call him. He rose and went out, but could see nothing. This occurred three times. The third time he saw a lovely little boy, standing on the brink. Christopher took him on his shoulders, and entered the water, but, as he advanced, the child grew heavier and heavier. The strong man bowed under the unusual burden, his knees trembled, his respiration came short, and he sweated blood in such immense quantities as to change the colour of the water. Hence, its name of *The Red Sea*. Getting safely over, however, he deposited the child on the shore. Then, wiping his brow, he said: "You put me in great danger, my child; you were so heavy, that if the world itself had been on my shoulders, I had not had a heavier burden." The child answered: "Be not astonished, Christopher, for not only hast thou had on thy shoulders the whole world, but Him that created it; I am Christ, and as a proof, plant thy staff in the sand, and, to-morrow, thou shalt see it covered with foliage and flowers." He then disappeared. Christopher planted the staff, and found it, a day after, grown into a stately tree, full of dates and beautiful in tropical bloom. Christopher was not an unbelieving Thomas. From this time he was faithful, and, dropping his patronymic, took the name by which he is known in Catholic tradition, of Christopher or the Christ bearer.

Such was the stout worthy, whose muscular proportions were carved in stone by so many of the artists of feudal times, and represented in enduring colours on precious canvass, by Albert Durer and Elsheimer. He was the form in which the Middle Ages—that period of spaniel-like serfs, mail-clad bullies and fighting priests—defied overwhelming Power. The artistic conception of Power took, at that time, the form of a Hercules. Were our artists invited to express on canvass their conception of the same idea, nine-tenths of them would paint "the almighty dollar."

The growth of the tradition about this saint is illustrative enough. It is probable that some monk of the twelfth century had taken the name of Christopher, or the Christ-bearer, to indicate his piety, and that, every remembrance of him having perished except his name, the tradition was subsequently imagined to correspond with the meaning. In the thirteenth century, Voragine put it on paper for the use of the faithful; probably without any intention to deceive, for everybody of his time believed in any absurdity in which a past generation had believed. He was Archbishop of Genoa, and his tomb may still be seen, we believe, on the left side of the great altar of St. Dominic's Church in that city.—*Philadelphia Register.*

THE WORTH OF HOURS

MILNES.

Believe not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of hours as they go by.

For every man's weak self, alas!
Makes him to see them while they pass,
As through a dim or tinted glass.

But if, with earnest care, you would
Mete out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.

Those surely are not fairly spent
That leave your spirit bowed and bent
In sad unrest and ill content.

And more, though free from seeming harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from pleasure's charm—

If then a painful sense comes on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoyed or vainly done—

Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, not to be linked again
By all mere memory can retain—

Upon your heart this truth may rise—
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices man's just destinies.

So should we live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,
A self-revolving thing of power.

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

TENACIOUS ERRORS.

Truth *may* be powerful, and, it is said, must prevail; yet it takes a long time for a popular error to die. For the hundredth time we saw repeated, the other day, in an influential paper, these two assertions:

"Shakspeare was ill-appreciated in his own age. Milton was but the 'old blind school-master' to his scornful contemporaries."

More groundless assertions than these could hardly be made. Shakspeare, born in the middle rank of life, in remote and obscure Stratford, was, at the age of nineteen, a married man, engaged with his father in the business of wool stapler and (probably) butcher. The family were poor. About the age of twenty-two, Shakspeare goes to London, where, in the course of not more than twenty years, he produced his thirty-six plays, accumulated a very considerable fortune, became the favourite of two sovereigns—Elizabeth and James I.—won the friendship of noblemen and wits, and was the idol of the play-going public. He retired from London and from active life at the early age of (about) forty-seven, with an income, derived from property, of more than two hundred pounds a year—equal to eight hundred at the present day. He took no measures to preserve or publish his plays; but, from their merit alone, they were published by others. In short, Shakspeare achieved a decided, a remarkable, and, we may safely add, an *unprecedented* literary success.

With regard to Milton, let us quote from Dr Johnson: "The sale of thirteen hundred copies (of Paradise Lost) in two years, in opposition to so much recent (political) enmity, and to a style of versification new to all, and disgusting to many, was an *uncommon example of the prevalence of genius.* The demand did not immediately increase; for many more readers than were supplied at first, *the nation did not afford.* Only three thousand were sold in eleven years; for it forced its way without resistance. Its admirers *did not dare to publish their opinion*, and the opportunities now given of attracting notice by advertisements were then very few. The means of proclaiming the publication of new books have been produced by that general literature which pervades the nation through all its ranks. But the reputation and *price* of the copy still advanced, till the revolution put an end to the secrecy of love, and Paradise Lost broke into open view with sufficient security of kind reception." In another place Johnson remaks: "The call for books was not in Milton's age what it is in the present. To read was then a general amusement. The women had not then aspired to literature, nor was every house supplied with a closet of knowledge. And again: "Wit and literature were on the side of the court; and who that solicited favour or fashion would venture to praise the defender of the regicides?" "After his retirement from public life," says the same biographer, who was no great lover of Milton, "his visiters of high quality must be imagined to be few; but men of parts might reasonably court the conversation of a man so generally illustrious, and foreigners are reported by Wood to have visited the house in Bread street where he was born." Richardson describes him as "sitting before his door, in warm sultry weather, in a gray coat of coarse cloth, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as in his own room, receiving the visits of the people of distinguished parts as well as quality." In fact, Milton not only was, but was recognised to be, after the publication of his great poem, the foremost man of literary England.—*Home Journal.*

MACAULAY "ON HIS LEGS."

* * * * It was pleasenter talking on Wednesday, when the position of Mr. Macaulay in Great Britain was measured in a great way. On a Wednesday the House and the committees are sitting at once, and the building is filled with scattered M. P.'s—some at work, many looking at those who are at work, but most loitering about the lobbies and corridors, picking up old acquaintance and feeling for public opinion. About three, on Wednesday, one was loitering about, too; for the talk in the House was not interesting—on a Wednesday it seldom is—and one could pick up members' opinion, which is as important as public opinion. You were walking along the Committee lobby, wondering which "room" you would take next, when, as you paused uncertain, you were bumped against by somebody. He begged your pardon, and rushed on, and you looked to see who it was: a member—a stout member; a man you could'nt conceive in a run; and yet he's running like mad. You are still staring at him when two more men trot past you, one on each side; and they are members, too. You are very puzzled, and see the door close to you—"Members' Entrance" above it—dashed open, five members dash from it, and plunge furiously down the lobby. Why, what can be the matter? More doors open; more members rush out; members are tearing past you from all points, in one direction—towards the House. Then wigs and gowns appear; they tell you with happy faces, their committees have adjourned; and then come a third class—the gentleman of the press, hilarious. Why, what's the matter? Matter! Macauly is up, and all the members are off to hear him. You join the runners in a moment, and are in the gallery to see the senators who had the start of you perspiring into their places. It was an announcement one hadn't heard for years; and the passing the word "Macaulay's up," emptied committee rooms now, as of old it emptied clubs. It was true; he was up, and in for a long speech; not a mere spurt, but an oration. He was in a new place, standing in the second row (above the treasury bench) from the table, and looking and sounding all the better for the elevation and the clearer atmosphere for orators which must be found in that little remove from the green boxes. The old voice, the old manners, and the old style—glorious speaking. Well prepared, carefully elaborated, confessedly essayish; but spoken with perfect art and consummate management: not up and down, see-saw, talking off a speech, but the grand conversation of a man of the world, confiding his learning and his recollections, and his logic to a party of gentlemen, and just raising his voice enough to be heard through the room. That is as you heard him when you got in; but then he was only opening and waiting for his audience. As the House filled, which it did with marvellous rapidity, he got prouder and more oratorical; and then he poured out his speech with rapidity, increasing after every sentence, till it became a torrent of the richest words, carrying his hearers with him into enthusiasm (yes, for dry as was the subject he gave it grandeur by looking at it from the grand and historical point of view), and yet not leaving them time to cheer. A torrent of words—that is the only description of Macaulay's style when he has warmed into speed—and such words—why it wasn't four o'clock in the afternoon, lunch hardly digested, and yet the quiet reserved English gentlemen collected there to hear the celebrated orator were as wild with delight as an Opera house after Grisi at ten. You doubt it? See the division; and before Mr. Macaulay had spoken you might have safely bet fifty to one that Lord Hotham would have carried his bill. After that speech the bill was not thrown, but pitched out. Speeches seldom do affect measures: and yet this speech will have altered British policy, on a great question, and—don't forget that—on a Wednesday, in a day sitting! People said when it was over, that it was superb, and so on, and one began to have a higher opinion of the House of Commons, though it is queerly "led," seeing that if the Macaulay class of minds would bid for leadership, they would get it, and that, perhaps, the Lord Johns only get it, at present, by a sort of moral justice, because they work for it. But it wasn't all congratulation. Mr. Macaulay had rushed through his oration of forty minutes with masterly vigour; and, looking at his massive chest and enormous head, you couldn't be surprised. That is the sort of man who would go through whatever he undertook. Yet the doubts about his health, which arise when we meet him in the street (he never meets anybody), when you take advantage of his sphinx-like reverie,

"Staring right on, with calm, eternal eyes;"

to study the sickly face—would be confirmed, by a close inspection, on Wednesday. The great orator was trembling, when he sat down: the excitment of a triumph—the massive head, notwithstanding—overcame him, and he had scarcly the self-possession to acknowledge the eager praises which were offered by the Minister and others, in his neighbourhood. Evidently he had reasons for being as quiet as Gibbon was, in the House; and, in this case, too, no doubt, we must think enough will have been done for fame and for our pleasure, if the History is finished. —*A Correspondent of the (London) Leader.*

THE FOUNDER OF THE TRAPPISTS.

The Cardinal de Richelieu and the Marquise d'Effiat (whose son, Cinq Mars, his eminence soon after judicially murdered), on the 9th Jan. 1626, met to hold, as sponsors, at the baptismal font, the young heir to the almost ducal house of Bouthilier de Rancé. The infant received the christian names of his illustrious godfather, and the little Jean Armand was endowed by the Cardinal with sponsorial gift of the Abbey de la Trappe, to be holden by him in "command;" that is, to take its profits and neglect its duties.

* * * *

He was a marvellous boy, that Jean Armand Bouthillier de Rancé! He was yet in short clothes when he puzzled the king's confessor by asking him questions on Homer in Greek; and he published an addition of Anacreon, with notes, at the same age (twelve years) as Campbell made the translation of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, which was given to the world by a twopenny subscription of his schoolfellows. The Cardinal gave his godson some valuable church preferment for this piece of scholarship. Marie de Medicis presented him with greatness in the form of empty titles, and Church and Crown vied with each other in showering down upon him ecclesiastical privileges with much profit attached, and sufficient to satisfy the ambition of the most unconscionable of aspirants.

He was a marvel of a priest, was this same Jean Armand! For once that he preached, a thousand times did he *conter fleurettes* in the willing ears of noble lady or village maid. He dressed in fine linen and a world of lace, wore red heels to his shoes, talked euphuistic nonsense in the circle at Madame de Rambouillet's, carried a sword on his hip, and was ever ready to run it through the body of the first man who dared but to "bite his thumb" as he passed. He drank hard, danced gracefully, swore round oaths, and made love irresistibly. He was grand master in the court of folly, and was perhaps scarcely out of his character when he espoused the widow of Scarron to the *grand monarque*. Compared with the orgies which scared the good people on his estate at Veretz, those at Medenham Abbey were puritanic righteousness. The only symptom of seriousness given by the master of the revel was in his addiction to the study of astrology. If beneath the shadowy splendour of the stars he registered many a perjured vow, he was as credulous as the maids whom he deceived in the promises he read in the constellations; and, if he was ardent in the pursuit of "maids who love the moon," he was not less so in the study of the moon itself. At this time he was not, indeed, in full orders, and therein he saw ample apology for his debauchery, his duelling, his love of field sports, and his murderous cruelty to all who stood for a moment between him and his inclinations.

In 1651, soon after his full ordination, he refused the bishopric of Leon, in Brittany, for the twofold reason that its revenues were small, and that its distance from the gay capital lent anything but enchantment to its episcopal prospect. He walked abroad in a perfect blaze of glory, such as tailors alone can create for man. The summary of his character may be found in an expression of his own; "I preached this morning," said he on one occasion, "like an angel, and now I am going to hunt like the devil!"

This demoniacal incarnation set the climax to his crimes by seducing the Duchess de Monthazon—no very difficult task; but the duke had been his benefactor. He was so gentleman-like in his vices, that he might have pleased that very *nice* man of the world, Lord Chesterfield himself. If he lived ten years in close intimacy with the duchess, he did all he could not to shock the duke by forcing the intimacy on his knowledge. Excellent man! Mephistopheles could not have been more devilishly complaisant.

The guilty duchess suddenly died of an attack of measles. There is a good legend which tells of De Rancé having unexpectedly beheld her in her coffin; it is somewhat apocryphal. It is a fact, however, that he rushed through his own woods, screaming her name, and hurling imprecations, like Ajax when defying Heaven. He was shocked, but it was after the fashion of Lady Jane Grey's husband in Dr. Young's poem. He bewailed his lost delights rather than his mistress' destiny, and his thoughts in presence of her body rested upon incidents that had better have been forgotten. He seriously tried to raise the devil in order to procure the restoration of the duchess to life. Failing in this, he became half insane, and in one of his wildest fits betook himself to a cast-off mistress of Gaston of Orleans for ghostly advice. The deposed concubine was sick of the world, and she speedily made De Rancé share in her sentiments. He went about with points untrussed, doublet unbuttoned, beard untrimmed, and cruelly loose-gartered. He began in this guise to excite admiration, and his fanaticism assumed such an aspect that his ecclesiastical superiors deemed him a fitting missionary to explore the wilds of the Himalaya. He deeply declined the office, and hinted to the Bishop of Aleth that he thought his vocation was to turn hermit. The good bishop said Satan himself had often done that, and impelled others to do the like, but that if he were a man, with a manly heart, there was other work for him in the world than the toil of eternally doing nothing. De Rancé took six years to make up his mind. At the end of that time he defrauded his natural heirs by selling his estates. The produce he invested for the benefit of the abbey of La Trappe, and, having obtained the consent of the king and the authorization of the pope to enter upon the "regular" administration of the institution, of which he had hitherto been only the titular superior, he proceeded to the godless locality, restored the old, or rather created an original, rigidity of rule, and very much disgusted the few monks who still lingered behind the dilapidated walls, and who were given to sip ratafia rather than read their breviaries. When De Rancé entered upon his new duties at La Trappe he received episcopal benediction at the hands of no less a person than the Irish Bishop of Ardagh.

There were but seven monks in residence at the monastery when De Rancé assumed authority there. He at once stopped their playing at bowls, and they threatened to horsewhip him. They were got rid of by a pension of four hundred livres each; and the new Abbé added example to precept by soon after burning all the love-letters he had received from the Duchess de Montbazon, and distributing daily alms and food to no less than four thousand beggars! He opened the institution to all comers, and without much questioning. Occasionally, some who after admission repented of their course, and became desirous of entering the world again, were detained against their will; and I cannot help thinking that the Abbé himself, who maintained a heavy correspondence, and repaired not unfrequently to the capital, was employed by the government to carry out its vengeance against political offenders. The regulations of the monastery would have made a Sybarite faint at hearing them only read. The hour for rising was the second after midnight. Silence was seldom broken, and the brother who ventured to raise his eyes from the ground, except when bidden, was guilty of a great offence. Hard labour, hard fare, and hard beds were alloted to the monks, whose only hope of escape from them was by death. The Abbot himself lived simply, and was no doubt a sincere man; but he had in his household a "cellarer," and what that official served at the abbot's own table is a matter upon which I confess to be exceedingly curious. If De Rancé had a table and flask of his own, so also had he a will and a determination. He professed Jansenism—in other words, he believed that man, of his own resolution, could not walk in righteousness, but that he needed the prevenient grace of God to put him in that path, and enable him thereon to make progress. The Jesuits and Jesuitically-inclined popes held that where man had a will to be righteous the grace would follow to help him, and that such divine grace could not well be efficacious without the human will. No wonder that De Rancé was only considered half a saint by many of his co-religionists. It did not assist him to better his reputation that he quoted Horace and Aristophanes in his letters, and that he corresponded with Bossuet, the Eagle of Meaux. What merit was there in his denunciation of all classical learning (which he decried with a rabid earnestness that is imitated in our days by the Abbé Gaume), while he cited the erotic and irreligious poets of antiquity? What was the worth of his works to Rome, when he sided with Bossuet in advocating the liberties of the Galican Church? Recluse he was, and austere; but in his seclusion, and amid the practices of his self-disciple, he wrote to and was visited by some very gay people. The Duchess of Guiche enlivened his cell by many a visit, St. Simon amused him with his court-gossip, and Pelisson, the ex-Protestant, exhibited on his table the accomplished spider which that exemplary convert had laboriously educated. When alone he wrote diatribes against the learned Benedictines, and, after these had shamed him into silence, he penned lengthy apologies in support of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The work he most ardently pursued was one that has been taken up by the Veuillots and Cahills of these later times; and *he* was the first who qualified as a "*glorious* idea" the union of all Romish powers to annihilate the Satanic kingdom of England! He hated marriage, even in laics, and denounced it sarcastically as a more severe penance than any he had enjoined at La Trappe. This was among his capital errors; yet he was rich in capital virtues too; but the contradictions in his character were very many. His latter years were years of dignity and perhaps usefulness, and he finally died, in the quality of a simple brother of the order, in the year 1700. Of the seventy-four years of his life exactly one-half was spent in the world, the other half in the cloister.—*Gentleman's Magazine for May.*

TO YOUTH.

Where art thou gone light-ankled Youth!
With wing at either shoulder,
And smile that never left thy mouth
Until the hours grew colder:

Then somewhat seemed to whisper near
That thou and I must part;
I doubted it; I felt no fear,
No weight upon the heart:

If aught befel it, Love was by
And roll'd it off again;
So, if there ever was a sigh,
'Twas not a sigh of pain.

I may not call thee back; but thou
Returnest, when the hand
Of gentle Sleep waves o'er my brow
His poppy-crested wand;

Then smiling eyes bend over mine,
Then lips once prest invite;
But Sleep hath given a silent sign
And both, alas! take flight.

TO AGE.

Welcome, old friend! These many years
Have we lived door by door:
The Fates have laid aside their shears
Perhaps for some few more.

I was indocile at an age
When better boys were taught,
But thou at length hast made me sage,
If I am sage in aught.

Little I know from other men,
Too little they for me,
But thou has pointed well the pen
That writes these lines to thee.

Thanks for expelling Fear and Hope,
One vile, the other vain;
One's scourge, the other's telescope,
I shall not see again:

Rather what lies before my feet
My notice shall engage.
He who hath braved Youth's dizzy heat
Dreads not the frost of Age.

—*London Examiner.* Walter Savage Landor.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

A Swedish artist, named Carleman, has made a new discovery, which he calls photochromography. By this new application of photography, he is enabled to take from 300 to 400 copies per day, and the various objects are represented in their natural colours.

——The *Cologne Journal* having repeatedly derided the humble origin of M. Alexander Weill, whose political writings are well known to the public in Germany, that gentleman ends a letter, dated from Paris, in reply, with the following incisive sentence: "It is true I did in early days tend horses and cattle in my native village. Had the editors of the *Cologne Zeitung* and its subscribers been cowherds like myself, they would have remained so for ever."

——American Newspapers.—Captain Marryat quotes the following paragraph as a specimen of the raw material of American newspapers: "Many who have acquired great fame and celebrity in the world began their career as printers. Sir William Blackstone, the learned French commentator on laws, was a printer by trade. *King Charles III.* (?) was a printer, and not unfrequently worked at the trade after he had ascended the throne of England"

——Monument to Sir Isaac Newton.—The town council of Grantham have granted a site on St. Peter's-hill for the erection of a statue to the memory of this great philosopher, and £100 for the preparation of the ground for its reception, and have authorized Mr. Winter, the ex-mayor, to lay the resolutions before the Royal Society, with the request that it will take such measures as its council may deem fit. It was stated at a special meeting of the town council that the present time was most appropriate for the object, as the inauguration of the statue could not take place until 1854, which would be exactly 200 years after Sir Isaac Newton had entered a free boy on the foundation of the Grantham Grammar School.

——The Archbishop of Dublin presided at a meeting of the Dublin Mesmeric Association, a few days since, and observed "that he was aware he had placed himself in a position which would draw upon him much of obloquy and ridicule, but he believed that he had shoulders broad enough to bear it." His grace also observed "that he was a living monument of the truth of mesmerism, having suffered severely for many years from rheumatism. When the doctors had done their best or worst, as the case might be, he was advised to have recourse to mesmerism as a last resource. In the course of one week he was perfectly cured, and has never since experienced any severe return of the complaint."

——Letters in Hungary.—Let the fate of a learned Hungarian lady serve as a warning to all her erudite sisters! Some fifteen years ago, the person in question, who is a great linguist, formed the idea of composing one universal cipher language, which was to combine all the advantages and beauties of those already existing without having any of their defects. The grammar of this perfect language had made considerable progress when suddenly, its author forming another scheme, the manuscript was committed to some dark nook—and forgotten. Some time since, the lady was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in some revolutionary intrigues, and a vast pile of papers in cipher was found. These documents are considered irrefutable though illegal proofs of the guilt of the prisoner, who is no longer able to explain the characters of her own invention.—*Times.*

——A correspondent of the *Inverness Courier* says: "I met Mr. Macaulay one day last week *processionising* along in the old way, and making Burlington Gardens re-echo the ferule of his umbrella. The step of the great historian was, to use a musical phrase, as 'staccato' and firmly determinate as ever. The keen grey eyes had lost none of their eager, onward expression, and the sternly-drawn lines round the mouth worked with the workings of the mind. Still, our impression was that Mr. Macaulay was not looking well. His face had lost its freshness of complexion, and there was the sense of the touches of the hand of accumulating years and labour evident upon the brow. The last accounts of the prospects of the next two volumes of the 'History' were hardly cheering; but as Mr. Macaulay takes no share in the proceedings of the house, it is to be hoped that the mighty task before him is being achieved slowly but surely in the classic chambers of the Albany."

——Mrs. Beecher Stowe.—Mr. Burnard, the sculptor, has been honoured with an introduction to Mrs. Stowe, at the Duchess of Sutherland's, on which occasion the Earl of Carlisle presented to the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" a beautiful cameo head of Wilberforce, executed by Mr. Burnard. Mrs. Stowe willingly complied with the wishes of her friends to allow Mr. Burnard to execute her bust, which has been completed most satisfactorily.

Miss E. T. Greenfield, a coloured lady, (recently introduced at Stafford House), gave a concert on Tuesday evening, at the Hanover Square Rooms, under the auspices of the Duchess of Sutherland, Mrs. Stowe, &c. The *Times* thus criticises her pretensions:—"As a proficient in the vocal art, Miss Greenfield does not greatly shine, although her voice is one of the most extraordinary ever heard—combining the *soprano* and *contralto* registers complete. Her higher tones are clear and agreeable, while her lower notes have a depth and volume almost masculine. With such a voice, however, as Miss Greenfield possesses, assiduous study under a competent professor might produce great results. Her efforts were warmly appreciated by the audience, ready and anxious to applaud her on every available occasion."

——Tea at Home.—It will surprise many to know that we need no longer rely on China for tea, but drink our home grown English and so be independent of the foreigner—if such independence is worth caring for. Mr. Alexander Forsyth has addressed a communication to the Horticultural Society, in which he says that, having considered that the tea of Paraguay is a species of holly, he tried our common holly, and finds the tea, when washed, equal to ordinary five shilling tea. The prickles serve an important purpose, for they keep the leaves separated during the roasting, and thus save trouble of frequent turning. The smell given off is at first unpleasant, but it disappears entirely as the leaves cool. "What will tea drinkers, confirmed tippling tea drinkers say to this?" observes Mr. Forsyth. "The very tea itself becomes cheap at last, and abundant, growing even in the garden hedge. A forest of tea trees in full leaf at our door! Such a harvest has never before been seen. Waste not the holly any more upon whip handles; peel it not for birdlime, as formerly; squander it not even at Christmas; but reap it, roast it, again and again, for the store will be annually renewed, and the future foliage will furnish finer tea leaves than those just gathered." What an opportunity for the adulterators; they will doubtless take care that the public drink holly tea whether or no."—*Chambers' Journal.*

——The New Mania.—Mesmerism and Phreno-Mesmerism, Clairvoyance and Chamomile Pills, and other "nine days' wonders," have (says the *Gateshead Observer*) given place to the "moving mania—to tables which spin round without castors—castors which turn round without heads in them—and books of the heaviest metal, which pass (as alone they could be expected to pass) into circulation by a miracle! The bookish miracle is thus performed: You place the wards of a key between the leaves, at the fore-edge of a book. Then bind the whole together by passing a cord round and round the backs and boards, so that the key may be kept tight in its place. Two persons now stand face to face, each placing a finger below the ring or handle of the key, so that the book hangs suspended in a line with the fingers. The two persons agree—or they ask a bystander to dictate—in which direction the book shall turn. All are now mute and expectant. The book is passive till it can "stand it no longer!" It then moves to the prescribed side, and a cry of astonishment is raised by some—an explosion of laughter ensues from others. We confess to joining in the laugh—content to leave the wonderers to gossip learnedly of the magnetic fluid. It may be well to know that books bound in sheep or calf are the most suitable for the experiment. On one occasion, a book was found obstinately to turn in opposition to the will of the company. Great was the disconcert and perplexity of the believers present, until it was discovered that the volume was bound in pigskin!

——The Circassian and Georgian Slave Trade.—Sarim Pasha, the Governor of Trebizond, has, we understand, been deprived of his government through the representations of the Russian consul in that place, whose complaint concerning some Circassian slaves he refused to investigate. Trebizond is one of those ports in the Black Sea where Circassian and Georgian slaves are frequently landed. In the Russian territories the seizing and selling of slaves has been long since put a stop to. Parents, however, who wish to send their daughters to Constantinople are allowed to do so under pretence of sending them to relatives there, and under the guardianship of proper people. In this case each individual is furnished with a passport. It happens, however, that occasional bands of marauders from Lazistan or the coast of Circassia, land in Mingrelia and pounce upon the villages, carrying off young girls and children into Slavery, in order to convey them to Constantinople, where they find a ready sale at high prices. These expeditions being usually performed in small boats, they are obliged to put in at the ports of the Black Sea for food and water. The Russian consuls stationed there do their utmost to destroy this illicit traffic. A number of these slaves having arrived a short time ago without passports, the Russian consul claimed them as Russian subjects, but the Pasha turned a deaf ear to his representations, and allowed the slave dealers to depart with their cargo, whereupon the consul lowered his flag, and wrote to Prince Menschikoff, whose influence at the Porte was sufficient to deprive the Pasha of his place.—*Constantinople Correspondence of The Times.*

——Interesting Cases of Longevity.—On looking over some volumes of the *Annual Register*, from its commencement in 1758, I find instances of longevity very common, if we can credit its reports. In vol. iv., for the year 1761, among the deaths, of which there are many between 100 and 110, the following occur:—January, at "Philadelphia, Mr. Charles Cottrell, aged 120 years; and three days after, his wife, aged 115. This couple lived together in the marriage state 98 years in union and harmony." April—"Mrs. Gillam, of Aldersgate Street, aged 113" July—John Newell, Esq., at Michaelstown, Ireland, aged 127, grandson to old Parr, who died at the age of 152." August—"James Carlewhite, of Seatown, in Scotland, aged 111. John Lyon, of Bandon, in the county of Cork, Ireland, aged 116." In September there were three aged 106 and 107, one 111, one 112, and one 114 registered. I will take three from the year 1768, viz., January—"Died lately in the Isle of Skye, in Scotland, Mr. Donald M'Gregor, a farmer there, in the 117th year of his age. Last week, died at Burythorpe, near Malton, in Yorkshire, Francis Confit, aged 150 years; he was maintained by the parish above sixty years, and retained his sense to the very last. April, near Ennis, Joan M'Donough, aged 138 years." A few years ago there lived in New Ross, in the county of Wexford, two old men. The one, a slater, named Furlong, a person of very intemperate habits, died an inmate of the poorhouse in his 101st year; he was able to take long walks up to a very short period before his death; and I have heard that he, his son, and grandson, have been altogether on a roof slating at the same time. The other man was a nurseryman, named Hayden, who died in his 108th year; his memory was very good as to events that happened in his youth, and his limbs, though shrunk up considerably, served him well. He was also in the frequent habit of taking long walks not long before his death.—*Notes and Queries.*

——"Let the man who has been to you as a brother make a slight slip, which, without anyway affecting his character, places him in a ridiculous point of view, and the odds are that you chuckle at the story. We shall do you the justice to believe that, if seriously assailed, you would defend him vigorously and truly; but you don't think it worth while to interpose in his behalf, simply because a satirical insect is attempting to puncture his cuticle. Now this is—excuse the expression—rather base upon your part. There is said to be, in Norway, a minute fly called the *Furia infernalis*, the bite of which is so painfully venomous as to drive a man distracted; and you may rely upon it that many a satirist of society can inflict a wound as torturing as that of the Scandinavian pest. You are indeed very foolish if you omit any opportunity of taking a slap at the gadfly. All the while that he is buzzing about, amusing by aggravating the raws of others, he is keeping his small, sharp, microscopic eye upon you; and, sooner or later, you are doomed to feel the insertion of his proboscis. And with what show of reason can you complain if he makes free with you in your turn? Did you not snigger and cachinate when he exposed the weakness of your luckless friend; and did you not own with a touching candour, that, though a good fellow in general, his conduct, on that particular point, could not be defended? And that you call backing of your friends! Even though you don't know anything about the people whose frailties are so unmercifully handled, why should you become a pleased partaker of this harpy banquet of scandal? What matters it to you that Tomnoddy, who never did you any harm, has made himself supremely ridiculous, or that there is a scandal abroad about a certain stately dowager? Are folly and vice so very rare in the world that these details can interest you? Is there no virtue in the divine precept which ordains us to speak evil of no one? If there is, what man alive but must take shame to himself for participation in the scandals of a malicious coterie?

"It would really seem as if we required some new apostle of charity, for, practically, it has disappeared among us. Why is it that, almost invariably, we put the worst construction upon the conduct of our neighbours? Why should we seek, with such amazing avidity, to infer guilt from equivocal circumstances, and reject, with a certain fiendishness of purpose, all extenuating matter? That is a very common but a very bad feature of the age we live in."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*